

DOUBLE TAKES

IT'S A DULL DAY when Roy and Doris Pinney—and very often the two little Pinneys—aren't out shooting pictures. From frigid Labrador and Iceland to the tropical jungles of Central and South America, this famous photographic team has tracked its "quarry."

Pretty Doris Pinney is a former model who came from her spot before a camera and went behind it to become a photographer of babies when she married the one-time naturalist. Together they have combined their talents and are ready at the click of a shutter to take off at any moment in one of their two planes on travel assignments for top magazines, advertising accounts or scientific expeditions. The couple's latest job is a 30-day jaunt to Colombia, where they'll try for more of their famous underwater shots.

When travelling about the U. S. or Central America, the Pinneys often take along Roy, Jr., 3, and Tor, 1.



THIS is the plexiglass-enclosed US\$1,100 camera Doris Pinney used to make the remarkable underwater picture at left.



A LADDER USUALLY is a dry-land piece of equipment — except when the Pinneys are around. Climbing up a few rungs to get an overhead shot, Roy snaps his wife in front of their plane.



CLIMBING aboard their BT-13 plane at Great Barrington, Mass., Roy Pinney and his family prepare to leave on a tour of the Caspe peninsula. This time, Roy, Jr., and Tor go along for the ride. Both tots, born in New York City, have already travelled extensively around the country.



ON THE BANKS of the Essequibo river in British Guiana, the Pinneys persuade an Arawak Indian boy to pose outside his hut. Travelling up Essequibo, their boat overturned and they barely reached shore before an attack by deadly piranha fish.



DEEP in the Florida Everglades, a little Seminole dresses in her Sunday best while Doris snaps away. Pinney figures his 30-day trip cost US\$3,000 a person. He enjoys his work and is satisfied when he breaks even, with a little over.

ROXY

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



ALL HURRICANE SCENES FILMED IN CO-OPERATION WITH DEPARTMENTS OF NAVY AND AIR FORCE AND WEATHER BUREAU OF U.S.

ROXY ADDED: March of Time's "REPORT ON ATOM ENERGY"

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

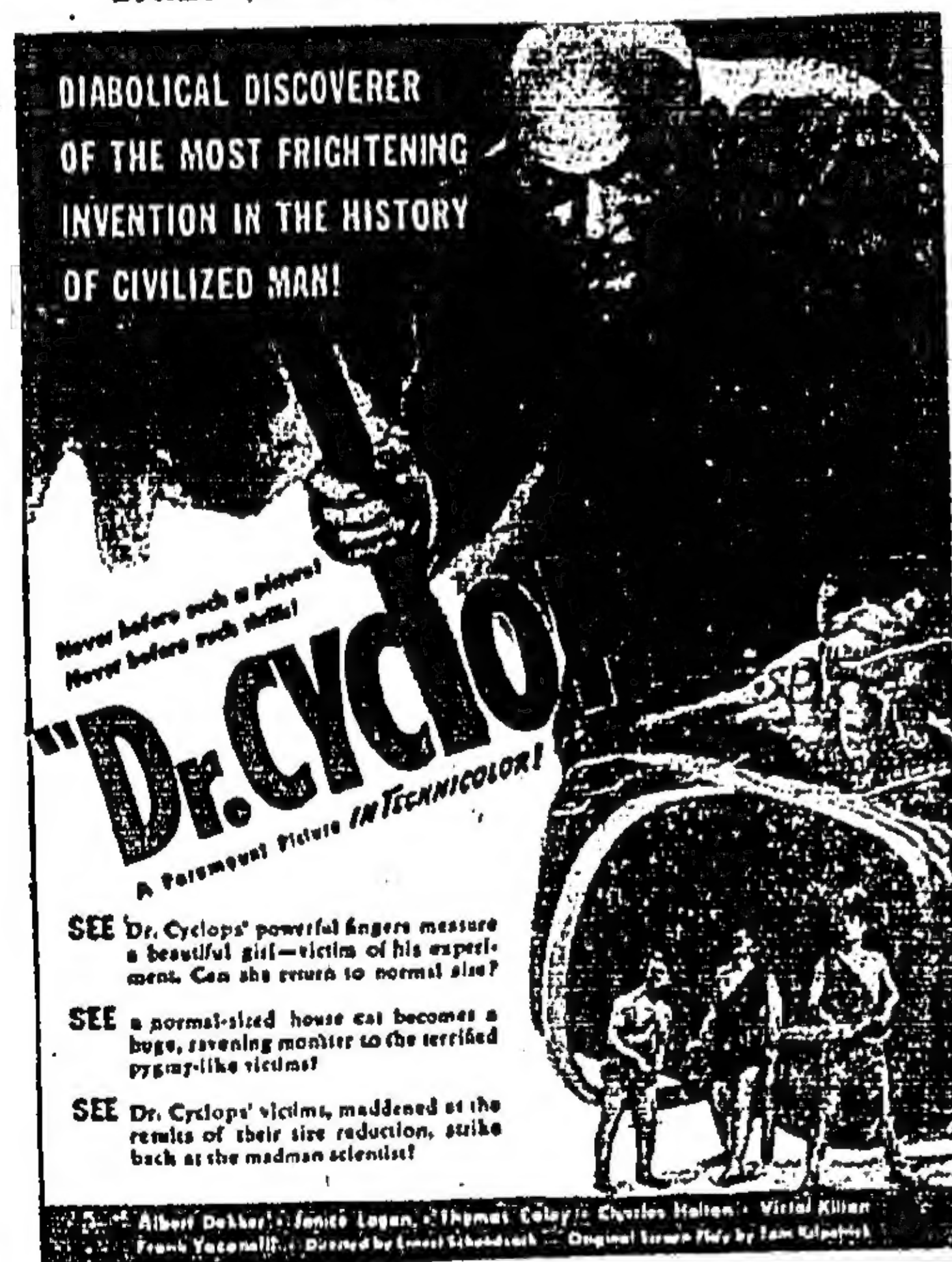
ROXY AT 11.30 A.M.
Columbia Pictures Presents
Rita Hayworth • Glenn Ford
IN
"Loves Of Carmen"
Color By Technicolor
At Reduced Prices

BROADWAY AT 12 NOON
By Request—Repeat
Showing Of
"Fairytale Color
Cartoons"
A Special Programme For
Children!

LEE Theatre

AIR COOLED, DEHUMIDIFIED, OZONIZED AND PURIFIED

TAKE ANY EAST BOUND TRAM OR ROUTE NO. 5 BUS
COMMENCING TO-DAY
DAILY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 11.30 A.M.
ALL COLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME
AT REDUCED PRICES

SHOWING **Cathay** At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

FIRST SHOWING IN HONG KONG



COMING: "The Girl From Manhattan"

OIL-WELL INVESTMENTS ARE NEW WAY TO WIN FAME—OR CUT INCOME TAX

Hollywood's top stars are getting the 'black gold' fever

From Frederick Cook:
New York

Talk in the Hollywood night clubs these days is hardly ever about films, or parts in them. Stars with world-famous names sit half the night in earnest discussion about oil wells—drilling bits, whip-stocks, rock faults and barrel capacities.

Fame in the swimming-pool-set now is measured not so much by the size of yacht or the number of limousines, as by the oil wells owned and shared in, and how they are doing.

It all began when the fabulous history of Glenn McCarthy, of Houston, Texas, penetrated to the film capital.

Determination

McCarthy, once a steel-muscle, working well rigger, started out with not much more than determination. In 17 years he built an oil empire worth nearly \$10 millions.

His example is proving to be a glittering temptation to many in Hollywood with surplus cash for which they are seeking an outlet. Stars like Bob Hope, James Stewart, Gene Aulick, Frank Sinatra, Don Ameche, Charles Boyer and Fred MacMurray are deep in the financial heart of Texas, sinking their savings in holes in the ground.

For stars with big money to invest, oil is a foolproof gamble. If they strike oil, they can deduct half of the original capital investment in drilling the well from their gross incomes for income tax purposes.

When the well yields, they can deduct 27½ percent of the income for "depreciation" of their machinery and buildings. The rest they can put back into another experimental hole in the ground.

If the drilling fails—and in many cases it does—they still make money if they are in the highest-earning bracket on the films. For in that case the whole cost of the operation can be shown on their tax return as a straight business loss, substantially reducing the tax.

The luckiest

Luckiest of Hollywood's new oil magnates so far have been Bob Hope and Gene Aulick. Cowboy, actor and crooner Aulick is regarded as the best businessman in the film colony. He has a substantial holding in six Texas oil wells. He holds enough land leases to stake 20 more.

From his present wells, royalties at a fraction more than 4d. a barrel are bringing him now nearly £18 a day. Hope, and his partner, Bing Crosby, leased 1,700 acres in Scurry County, Texas, and



DINAH SHORE

JANE RUSSELL

their drillers discovered two rich wells in the first eight weeks.

An option

Don Ameche took an option on 20,000 acres not far away, and with partners from Chicago

sank £72,000 in a "wildcat" operation. The result is not yet known, but the whole region is known to be rich in oil. Randolph Scott also holds big leaseholds in Texas.

Those who have fared less well include directors John

Some of the women stars have the "black gold" fever as acutely as any of the men. Grete Garbo and Hedy Lamarr are two of the oil-struck.

Others will "playing safe" include Dorothy Lamour, Dinah Shore and Jane Russell, all of whom prefer to sing for their supper.

All have filled engagements for Glenn McCarthy at his new entertainment centre at Houston, under contracts which gave them part of their salary in oil shares—carefully selected by the man who has demonstrated a certain talent at picking the winners.

(London Express Service)

WEEK-END SCREEN FARE



The Adventures of Ichabod and Mr. Toad (KING'S) is Disney's one but latest excursion into fairy tale literature. Washington Irving's "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows" provide the two main characters, the school-mooster, Ichabod Crane, who meets the Headless Horseman, and Mr. Toad, the character who has a penchant for motoring and sells Toad Hall to a pack of criminal weasels to satisfy his craze.

Slattery's Hurricane (ROXY) is about the Storm Charting Service of the United States Navy. Veronica Lake and Linda Darnell are thrown in for extra storm effect and the latter is the victim of Richard Widmark's first celluloid kiss.

The Prince and the Pauper (QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA) is an old one, with Errol Flynn and the Mauch Twin starring in the Mark Twain story.

Dr. Cyclops (LEE) is unusual, being about one of these sadistic scientists made popular by H. G. Wells. "Doc" Cyclops is a duces his fellow humans to a size comfortable for holding them in the palm of his hand and the poor people have a job of it fleeing from the house cat.

Vivien Leigh will star in 'A Streetcar Named Desire'

By DAVID LEWIN

Vivien Leigh, who was Hollywood's choice, as Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With The Wind," has now been picked to star in another much-sought-after part.

She will play Blanche Du Bois in the film version of "A Streetcar Named Desire."

Many American actresses wanted the role. And Olivia de Havilland and Bette Davis were suggested for it. But Elia Kazan, who will direct the film, wanted Miss Leigh. She has played the stage Blanche since the show opened in the West End eight months ago.

Then she will rest until she goes to Hollywood to start work on the picture in August. Playing opposite her will be Marlon Brando, who acted in the Broadway version of "Streetcar."

PART FOR SIR LAURENCE

Miss Leigh's husband, Sir Laurence Olivier, will go with her to Hollywood. He will also make a picture there as the star of "Sister Carrie," based on Theodore Dreiser's novel.

The films will be the first the Oliviers have made in Hollywood for 10 years, though attempts have been made to get them over there.

They will be away from Britain for three months—and will collect at least £50,000 each.

In "Sister Carrie" Sir Laurence will play his first modern part since he made "Henry V." and "Hamlet." He turned down the lead in another Hollywood picture—"Ivanhoe"—as he wanted a change from a costume role.

"Sister Carrie" is to be directed by William Wyler. On a visit to London he showed the script of "Sister Carrie" to Sir Laurence, and he agreed to star in the film. It is about a middle-aged man who runs a bar and falls in love with a woman younger than himself.

Sir Laurence continues in his present West End play "Venus Observed" until August. He will stay in London for the first night of his next production, "Captain Corcoran."

Said Sir Laurence: "After the picture I shall come back to London. I shall not stay in America."

His part in "Ivanhoe" will be taken by Britain's Stewart Granger.

(London Express Service)

THAT STAR LABEL IS NO USE TO MR. SIM

by Leonard Mosley

WHEN you see an actor making horrible grimaces into the dressing-room mirror just before curtain-up you can usually presume that he is neither worried nor sick—but merely un-knotting his facial muscles for the benefit of the audience.

At the Garrick Theatre in London, however, the ugly grimaces of Alastair Sim were probably much more than a preliminary warming-up for a performance. For Mr. Sim has a problem on his hands. It is the sort of problem that comes to all great character actors when they make a success in films, except that in his case it is urgent. SHALL I LET THEM TURN ME INTO A STAR?

ANY PART HE LIKES

If you have seen those two recent British films, "Happiest Days of Your Life" and "Stage Fright," you will not be surprised that Alastair Sim is at present the most-sought-after actor in the film industry—and that includes Hollywood.

His old-garagole of a face, his remarkable voice (which maintains an even baritone while managing to get a twitter, a simper, and a world of cynicism into every word he says), and his consummate mastery of his acting craft are not only making audiences laugh everywhere, but are also making producers reach madly for their telephones.

He can have any part he likes in play or film. He is at present juggling with six different offers, and he can ask his own price.



ALASTAIR SIM

"All problem on his hands."

But Sim, riding on a wave of popular success that rarely comes to anyone who lacks a profile, a figure or sex-appeal in the way he does, is worried. Because producers, hearing the laughter of the filmgoers at the sight of him, have begun to think of him as a star who can sell a picture before it has been seen.

WARNING

I HOPE he will not fall for their blandishments, and have himself turned into a film star. It is a trap into which other great character actors have stumbled.

Charles Laughton, for instance—who turned his fat face into a boring blot by appearing

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

AIR-CONDITIONED AIR-FRESHENED
QUEEN'S:— 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW —
Extra Performance at 11.30 a.m.
SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.



ALHAMBRA
TO-MORROW AT 12 NOON ONLY
Esther WILLIAMS — Ricardo MONTALBAN
"ON AN ISLAND WITH YOU"
In Technicolor
AT REDUCED PRICES

SHOWING **KING'S** AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.
TO-DAY
EXTRA PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW AT 11.30 A.M.



SAVAGE BATTLE FOR SURVIVAL!
WALT DISNEY presents
THE ACADEMY AWARD SHORT FEATURE
"SEAL ISLAND"
A TRUE LIFE ADVENTURE
PRINTED BY
TECHNICOLOR
Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

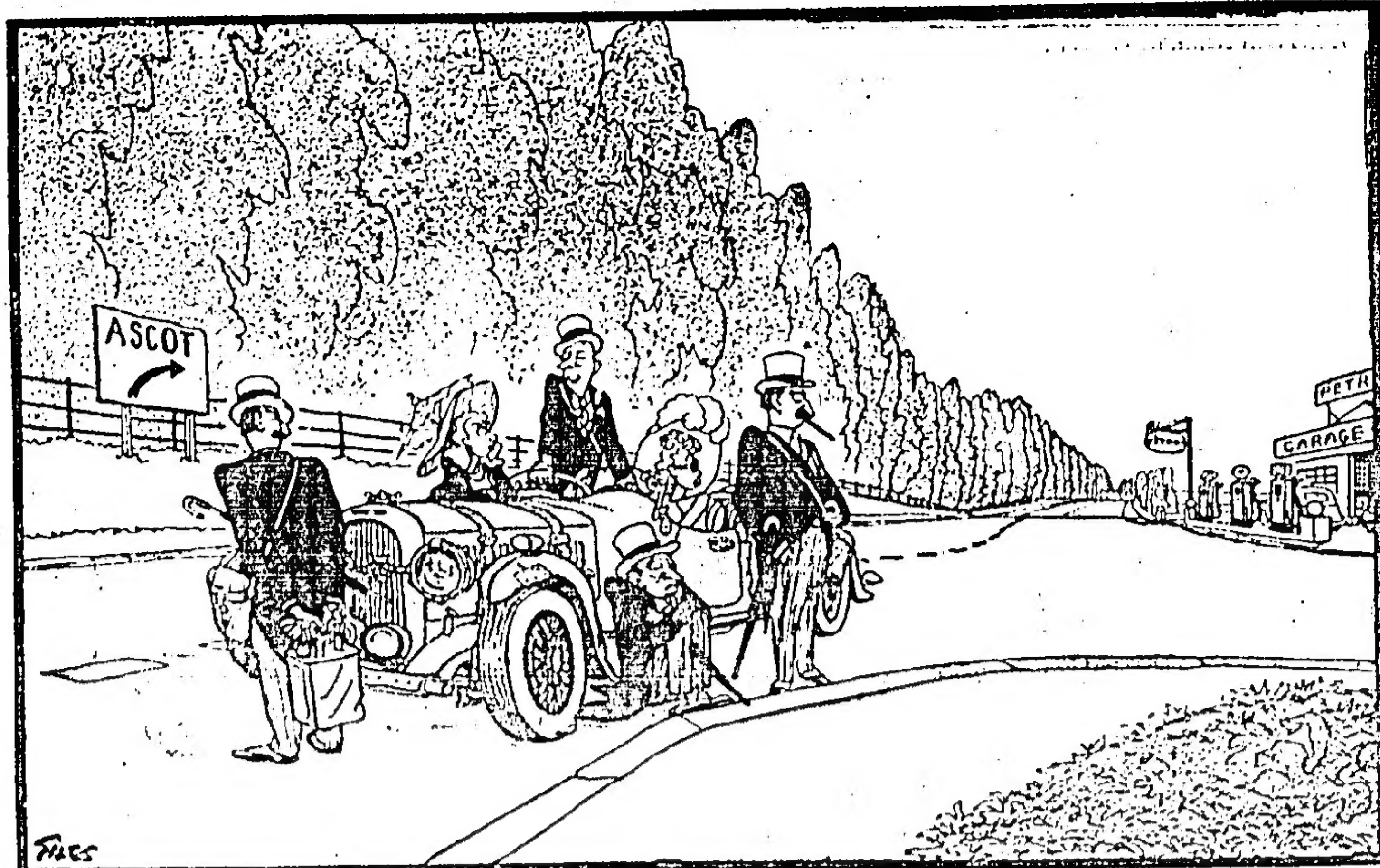
ALSO LATEST UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL
SHOWING **MAJESTIC** AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.
TO-DAY
SUNDAY EXTRA SHOW AT 12.00 NOON



Directed by ARTHUR RIPLEY • Produced by SEYMOUR NEBENZAL
Based on the novel "Atlantida" by Pierre Benoit • Released thru United Artists
"NEXT CHANGE"
"Adventures of FRANK and JESSE JAMES"
Starring Clayton MOORE • Steve DARRELL

SHOWING **LIBERTY** SHOWING TO-DAY
TO-DAY
5 SHOWS: AT 12.30, 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

"STORM OVER FORMOSA"
阿里山風雲
A Chinese Picture in Mandarin Dialogue



"Algy—see if he'll take a trip round your old man's mansion in exchange for a couple of gallons."

London Express Service

Stop Press—and Father Time, too—for this study of the amazing old people of today and the implicit facts of the longer life we are all enjoying today . . .

WE'RE ALL LIVING 10 YEARS LONGER

By WEBSTER FAWCETT

WHEN Queen Mary celebrated her 83rd birthday on May 26, Britain's grandest old lady set a new record. She has lived longer than any other Queen in British history, longer even than Queen Victoria who had always seemed 'so very old' and 14 years longer than the great Queen Elizabeth who notoriously lived to be 'an old, old woman.'

Their startling fact opens a new perspective. At 83, conductor Arturo Toscanini

is being signed to conduct the inaugural concert of London's new Festival Concert Hall next year — an undertaking of intense physical exertion. At 87, Eden Phillpotts is still writing plays, and has just seen his latest produced by 70-year-old Nancy Price.

In her 94th year Dr May Thorne recently broadcast

her veteran nursing memories — of Florence Nightingale. And she still has to elapse the record of industrialist Theodore Taylor, now 100 years young, who broadcast at 98, crossed the Atlantic in search of export orders at 95, and is still in active charge of his profit-sharing Yorkshire woolen mill.

We're all living longer

and younger. The intuition of most people that the war years didn't really count in their lives is no illusion. Medical statistics show that the average expectation of life has increased by 10 years since the start of the century. At 70 today, one is no worse off than the 60-year-olds in 1900.

Lowest ever

OR let's put it another way. Similar to insurance actuary. The death-rate of 10.3, per 1,000 today compares with 14.4 in 1950 — a 40 per cent higher safety level. Everyone knows that 1919 recorded the lowest ever infant mortality rates. Less familiar is a statistical fact at the other end of the scale: that your chance of living to be 85 has improved by 20 per cent since grandfather's day.

It's astonishing to glance backwards and realise that bluff Henry VIII died, old and senile, at 55; that Charles Dickens wrote himself out at 69; that Shakespeare completed his allotted span at 52.

Compare this with the lively travel enjoyment of King Gustav of Sweden, 92 now, or the mental alertness of Bernard Shaw, three years his senior.

More acute comparisons may be misleading. Condon Dan Gooch, for instance, died at 43. George Robey is still singing blithely at 80. Sir Henry Irving died at 67. David Garrick lived to be 63. Yet actor A. E. Matthews celebrated his 80th birthday in New York recently, still earning dollars. His performance as a 79-year-old in 'The Children Hour' made it a smash box-office hit.

Zest of living

THERE'S a change, moreover, in the zest of living, and the zest gives new spice to the extra duration. At 80, author Agneta Blackwood begins a new career in television with the gusto of a 30-year-old. In his 72nd year, composer Ralph Vaughan Williams is writing film music with an exactness and typically youthful understanding of its highly modern and technical problems.

Other wonderful octogenarians include General Smuts, Lord Samuel, Dame Eva Booth, Lord Horder and Sir Herbert Barker. Don't you FEEL ten years younger?

Decline slowed

FOR even physical decline has been slowed. Bath-chair badmen took a check when that veteran runner, 85-year-old Charles Hart, sprinted the 22 miles from London to South, and when 74-year-old Joan Milne packed her cases for a skiing holiday in the Austrian Alps. Millionaire publisher Edward M. Schreyer celebrated his 81st birthday by undertaking his first parachute jump. At 89 a certain Mrs. Susannah Wheelwright enjoys her daily swim.

In fact, we're all much younger than we think. Today's scientific and business leaders have reduced the phrase 'Too old at 40' to its proper absurdity. Not long ago, 73-year-old consulting surgeon Sir Ernest Culling told the British Association that the faculty acceptance of old age at 60 and 65 has become a stupid convention.

And perhaps the facts fall into true focus if you remember that 10-year bonus we've won from medical science and discount 10 years from any calendar age. Isn't Winston Churchill nearer 65 than his true 75? Surely Somerset Maugham should be reckoned nearer 60 than his real 76? And violinist Fritz Kreisler might think nearer 65 than his actual 75?

Cartwheels at 52

THOUGH the King is 55, he would pass for 45. Turning cartwheels at 52, Grace Fields exemplifies the 10-year deduction. Fifty-seven-year-old Ivor Novello, Bing Crosby at 44, Gary Cooper at 40—they all seem as young as they were back in 1940.

Gordon Richards at 45, 43-year-old runner Jack Holden, ballet dancer Terence Mahgare at 51—all equal the feats of men 10 years younger.

In scientific fact, a Cambridge research unit finds that men under 30 are faster in separate hand movements, more dexterous in tracing the mirror image of digits. Yet people in the 40-80 age groups take honours in balance, precision, controlled achievement, maturity of thought, thoroughness and steadiness.

Don't you FEEL ten years younger?

'He speaks his mind energetically and without compromise'

Frank Owen

... INTRODUCING HERE TODAY A NEW COLUMN BY FLEET STREET'S LIVELIEST PERSONALITY



HE was an M.P. at 23; chief leader writer on the Daily Express before he was 30; editor of the Evening Standard at 32. With the war he was called up as a trooper, and later served in Southeast Asia and founded SEAC newspaper for the Forces. Became editor of the Daily Mail in 1947. Resigned recently to write this column.

LOVE and kisses within the Tory Party. This time it is Uncle Fred Woolton who is in the middle of the ring of roses.

According to the Manchester Guardian he told a New York meeting that only Marshall and his keeping the Socialist Government in Britain from ending in a wave of unemployment.

He offered some small comfort: the meat that Labour had made of the job would serve as a standing warning of the folly of Socialism.

Lord Woolton may or may not be caricatured if quite a number of Americans take his own speech as a warning against the folly of giving Britain Marshall aid.

This was not the view of Mr Winston Churchill when he en-

couraged the Tory Party to support Marshall aid. Mr Churchill's view was that such aid was necessary to help Britain to recover.

But Mr Churchill is not likely to court-martial Lord Woolton for exceeding his orders. On the contrary, he will no doubt retire within his fortress of Chartwell Manor, pull up the drawbridge, and leave Uncle Fred to other hands—or claws.

There will not be lacking in America. For the two chief administrators of Marshall aid, Messrs Hoffman and Harriman, are due this week to appear before the Appropriations Committee of the U.S. Senate and justify their labours and expenditures.

They would have liked to report to the Senate (and via them to the American taxpayers) that Marshall aid had done the job as intended and saved Britain.

Now their vehement isolationist critics will say: 'That is not what Lord Woolton told us. He said we had been saving the Labour Government.'

As for the rank and file of the Tory Party, they may sing: 'Home, home, sweet home. Keep Uncle Fred at home.'

That soldier . . . Must we wait much longer?

SOME days ago Gordon Kenneth Linsell, a private in the Black Watch, but born in Remford, Essex, stood to attention in Durseldorf, Germany.

The court martial found him guilty of murder. The soldier became a convicted criminal. He is 23, and must die if the sentence stands.

Linsell was on sentry duty outside an R.A.M.C. medical station when two Germans drove up in a van. Linsell stood on the running board to direct them. The driver shoved him off, drove on.

The sentry shouted, 'Halt!' Three times. He fired into the air as warning, several times more into the back of the van. Later, they unloaded a dead German.

THE SENTRY'S orders: To challenge, warn, and then shoot. That is why they gave him a gun, issued him ammunition, and told him to use it if suspicious persons disregarded his warning.

The fundamental military law: To obey orders, or expect punishment, and if need be, supreme punishment.

THE CASE for the defence: There is no justification in the soldier acting unlawfully. The plea of superior orders is no defence, otherwise many of the war criminals would have got off.

OPINION of the legal adviser to the court martial: The orders are very drastic and not satisfactory.

The poet earns an H (for horrific)

THE on-sight of the poets continues in the London theatre. While T. S. Eliot and Christopher Fry disport themselves in the West End, Ronald Duncan pops up again at the Mercury at Notting Hill, W.

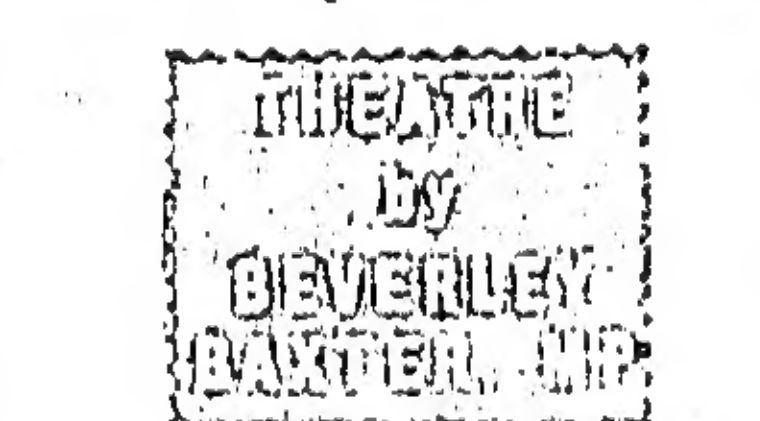
It was at the same charming little theatre that his 'This Way to the Tomb' drew the town for many months although Jimmie Aitken, much preferred, to it as 'Turn Left for the Cratorium.'

It seemed to me then that in his writing Ronald Duncan was performing the first duty of a poet by creating beauty.

He was innocent of Goethe's charge that modern poets mix too much water with the ink. Duncan knew that in poetry you must look to the sound and let the sense look after itself, for beauty is its own meaning and its own argument.

But in his new play 'Stratton' Duncan throws beauty out of the window and turns to evil for his theme. The first Stratton was one of the men who condemned Charles I to death and through the generations, for the purposes of the play, each Stratton begat a son who became a judge until we come to the present with Sir Cory Stratton, K.C. eminent at the bar, a respected landowner in Cornwall happily married and with a son who is already attracting attention at the Bar.

JUST to show us, however, that this was to be no namby pamby country house drama Mr Duncan has an unspoken prologue in which, surrounded by the sinister por-



traits of his ancestor, and to the accompaniment of even more sinister music by Benjamin Britten, Sir Cory quivers like a lady to death. Not a bad opening, you will agree, even if it was only a dream.

In the kindness of his heart Sir Cory had seen a vivid in his part of the country for an old friend who is a tipsy vicar. So there we have the personnel of the drama. Respected father, gentle wife, industrious son, engaged to nice girl, and finally a dependent vicar. And from that collection Duncan proceeds to create a chamber of horrors which would bring the blush to Tussaud's cheeks.

THE author is in such a hurry to make our flesh creep that he causes the tipsy vicar to tell Sir Cory that his kindness is only vanity and that he, the vicar, despises him as a rotten outfit altogether.

Sir Cory has always suspected himself of being an evil creature and he accepts the denunciation of the vicar with almost malignant joy. Now he can be himself. He becomes a judge so that, like his ancestor, he can sentence a fellow being to death even though he is not a king.

The barricades are down. Evil pours through his veins like a relentless flood. He lusts for his son's young bride, and hates his son for his youth

and because he bears the same name as himself. Whereupon he shoots his son, chokes his wife to death, and turns to the young woman for lecherous reward, only to be mocked by her with a cruelty almost equal to his own.

LIKE Shakespeare, our author is fascinated by the thin line that divides sanity from insanity. But at least Shakespeare showed the terror and misgivings of his murderers, whereas Duncan creates an inhuman satyr related to normality only in physical desire.

Therefore because we experience no pity we feel neither detestation nor horror. The drama is there, stark, cruel, drama, but the author has armed us against his own weapons.

William Devlin gives a remarkable performance as the man of evil, almost compelling us to believe the unbelievable; and once more Cicely Paget-Bowman as the wife brings charm of face and voice to soften the strident cacophony of hate. Also we should take note of Stuart Latham as a producer.

It is not a good play because it fails to move us, yet its defects cannot obliterate the feeling that we have been in touch with a dramatist who has an extraordinary sense of the theatre and will some day give us a masterpiece.

Therefore let the onslaught of the poets continue, for even their failures lean to virtue's side.



DEAN INGE was dressed for his party in clerical grey. His face had a grey tone too, from the thick grey hair, the shaggy eyebrows, and the grey stubble of beard. A walking stick rested beside him. Guests sat at his table for a few moments at a time, gently reminiscing. The dean often sipped a hand to his right ear. In the picture above are Professor L. P. Jacks and Lady Violet Bruce. Occasionally the dean walked among his guests. A slow progress . . . but he seemed old.

IF YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE PARENTS WHO SAY— 'My daughter's crazy about clothes...'

BERNARD WICKSTEED
This Week Goes Places Where
FASHION IS BIG MONEY

YOU all know the girl I mean. She doesn't want to be a tylist. She doesn't want to be a teacher. It's got to be something more creative and glamorous.

The stage, you suggest. No, she says. What she would really like to be is a fashion designer.

Do you know the girl now? When she was young, she was for ever dressing dolls, and as she grew older she spent hours at the mirror wrecking her mother's hair.

Now that she's 18 the house she lives in is almost uninhabitable. There are pins everywhere, and you have to eat standing up because the table is covered with baskets and sewing machines.

If you sit on a chair there are needles because you have created some material put there, and if you make a false step on the floor you tread on a paper pattern laid out for cutting.

On his rare appearances outside the doghouse, the father of such a girl has to harden his heart to escape being financially involved in impossible dress-making ventures.

You can't help feeling sorry for men like that, so I have been prowling round the fashion houses and fitting rooms of Mayfair seeking advice to pass on and to discover how you do make a girl a designer.

It wasn't a bad assignment. The world I moved in was largely inhabited by models and beautiful women, who talked glibly about popping over to Paris as if it was only a bus ride.

But refusing to be diverted, I pursued my inquiries and found that the first thing a parent must ascertain is whether his daughter is interested in dressing other people or merely in clothes for herself.

High rewards

THEIR fame to be had in the fashion world and, next to Paris, London is the best place to win it. The reward of success in high end, £5,000 a year is not uncommon for a designer who knows what she's doing.

But it doesn't go to the girl who can dress only herself. As one woman high in the fashion world said: "I'm sick of girls (and young men) who think they are going to be Norman Hartnell because they can draw or do needlework."

"I shall sit up and take notice when a girl comes to me for a job and says her only qualification is that she loves dressing women."

Matti, one of the top dress designers in London, started that way as a boy. He made clothes for his sisters, an occupation that gave him plenty of scope because there were 12 of them.

Starting point

IS that point clear? This girl, this menace to domestic bliss whom you want to get off your hands and launch in the fashion world, likes dressing other women... her mother, her 12 sisters, the neighbours, anybody.

(Passing fashion note: When a reporter asked Hardy Amies what sort of women he liked dressing best he answered: "Rich ones.")

Now, how do you get the designer started? Studying the careers of those at the top isn't much help. Hartnell was an undergraduate at Cambridge, who drew attention to himself by the costume he designed for the university stage shows.

Digby Morton was going to be an architect till he got more interested in the patterns of tweeds than plans of houses.

The entry of Hardy Amies into the profession was even less conventional. He sold sewing machines, and got in the fashion business by describing someone's dress in a letter to an aunt.

Designing calls for more flair than technique, so

starting at the bottom is not as essential as in many other professions. Peter Russell had been a rubber planter in Malaya and a rancher in Canada before some friends persuaded him to set up as a designer of dresses.

(Another passing fashion note: Why are there more successful men designers than women? Perhaps for the same reason that men are more successful painters of women.)

Undoubtedly, the best thing that could happen to the father of a daughter for whom fashion would be a goal is to have the life of an already established designer. Why? Well, the designer would be so grateful that he would take the daughter on as his assistant.

By watching, listening to, and enduring the great man at work, the girl might be able to pick up enough to do some useful designing herself—that is if she were patient, polite, intelligent, and able to stand on her feet all day.

Two courses

THIS is reckoned the best way in, but as it isn't open to those without influence you must consider the others. For the girl whose father hasn't saved someone from drowning there are two alternative courses.

One is to start in the dress business on the sales or manufacturing side, and try to get yourself known from there. This has been done. Several designers, getting £5,000 a year in the wholesale business, began that way.

One of them did it by designing buttons in his spare time, and another, a girl, by catching



HOW FOUR OF THEM STARTED

1. NORMAN HARTNELL
designed university stage shows

2. HARDY AMIES
described a dress in a letter

3. MATTI
made clothes for his sisters

4. DIGBY MORTON
Tweeds caught his interest



the horse's eye. (Still another fashion note: No one I spoke to could remember a mannequin who ever became a good designer. They mostly got married or got on the film.)

The other alternative is to go to a fashion school to learn the background. There are private schools advertised in the magazines, the London County Council is interested in a school in the West End, and the Royal College of Arts and the Royal College of Fashion Design with a full-blown professor in charge.

She is Professor Madge Garland, and she used to be fashion editor of Vogue. At the moment she has 22 students, most of them girls.

There were six

THEY do a three-year course, and when I went there I peeped into a room and hurriedly closed the door again because it was just like those homes I described earlier, except that instead of one dress-mad daughter among the children there were six.

The curriculum includes compulsory attendances at all the big London dress houses and, at the end of it, if you pass your exams, you get the Diploma of Design, R.C.A.

How the diploma rates in the industry is not yet known, because the faculty has only just started and no one has finished the course.

Has this guidance been any help? Personally, I am lucky. My daughter is only five months old and as far as a ball of butter. So she hasn't yet developed the taste or figure for clothes.

(London Express Service)



SATURDAY AT THE DIAMOND HORSESHOE by BILLY ROSE

For crying out loud, here is a story of my Uncle Charlie

OF all the people I know, my Uncle Charlie is the champion when it comes to changing bosses. As I see it, this is largely due to a temperament which has never permitted him to see eye-to-eye with an employer—or anybody else for that matter.

In his 60 years of living and loafing, the only topic on which Charlie agreed with the rest of the world was that Man o' War was a fabulous hunk of horse, and when the bangtail was retired to stud in 1921 my uncle stopped betting for keeps and quits.

If it was my horse," he once told me, "from now on he would get sour cream with his hay."

BUT let me get back to my uncle's employment record. Four autumn ago, unless my Aunt Frieda is fibbing, Charlie was fired from his job at Silverman's Candy Factory for putting ketchup in the taffy on the theory that the mixture would appeal to the Italian trade.

This example of capitalistic injustice hit him pretty hard, and for weeks he moped around the house until it finally got on Frieda's nerves.

"Shouldn't you maybe find yourself some other type employment?" she suggested.

Such treachery from within was too much for my emotional kinsman, and before you could say "Burr-Davis" he had launched into a speech which might have been lifted straight out of King Lear.

At the end, overcome by his own eloquence, he burst into tears.

"I've please the water-works," counselled my aunt. "With such an act, you could get a job bon-holing in Herzog's Funeral Parlour."

Frieda was only kidding, but my Uncle Charlie is a literal-minded man.

"Who now?" he said. "I got more grade—A genu—wino emotion than anybody."

IT should be explained at this point that the professional mourner is still a fixture in New York's lower East Side life, and that when relatives want to give a man a classy send-off they generally hire a set of by-the-hour hand-pieces to provide the tears and lamentations.

Eulogies are all right in their place, it is contended with some reason, but the true worth of a man can be more accurately assessed by the amount of breast-beating and hair-tearing which accompany his grand exit.

My uncle got the job at Herzog's, and if I may be permitted a bad joke, made good with a splash—in fact, within a few months he was conceded to be top man in his field. That is, with one exception, a cadmium-throated gent named Willie Gittel, who had been sobbing professionally since the age of nine.

And as was inevitable, an especial rivalry sprang up between Willie the Weeper and the new contender, Charlie the Crier.

The following spring my uncle suffered a major setback—at the funeral of an important noodle magnate he was badly outblundered by Willie.

"He run in on me a onlon," Charlie told everybody who would listen. "What kind of ethics is that?"

His point, of course, was well taken, since lachrymal stimulants are outlawed by the Mourners' Guild. But these professional niceties didn't interest my aunt.

He is doing something worse. A child who is driven, by the fear of slapping, to tread the path of "virtue" is going to be her father's headache when she gets older. A time will come when he will no longer be able to use physical violence upon



Man o' War, America's greatest racehorse, was only beaten once. He won £2,356 in stake money and died a time that has won over £1,000,000. First ran as a two-year-old in 1919, died in 1947. In 1939 his owners turned down an offer of a million dollars (£200,000 then) for him.

"Ontons, bunions," she said. "Next time you cry you got to show up that Gittel. On it depends the room rent."

The big test came that November, at the funeral of a wealthy butcher, and for hours before the event Rivington Street buzzed with excited talk about the two contestants. However, because of the Crier's poor showing at the noodle man's send-off, the smart money installed the Weeper as a 9 to 1 favourite.

Well by all accounts it was the most ear-piercing funeral since Hardy the Bum was shot in 1931 and his pals imported hog-callers from Chicago.

Friends of the deceased stood in awe as the professional weeper, Willie, went and whined, but it was soon evident that my uncle was in trouble.

Willie, pacing himself like the pro he was, managed an hour of horrid shriek every time Charlie paused for breath—still keeping enough in reserve for a hurricane finish.

An hour later, when it was all over but the shovelling

My uncle looked at it, clapped hand to forehead, and then came to life with the most unbridled series of shrieks ever heard this side of the Walling Wall.

This brought forth a gasp of admiration from even the corpse-hardened Mr Herzog himself, while less laured onlookers had to make fists to keep from breaking into applause.

AS for Willie Gittel, the outburst unerved him completely, and that night from Delancey Street to Union Square, glasses were raised to the winner and new champion.

What had Aunt Frieda shown Charlie to spur him into victory? Well, I am afraid it wasn't exactly ethical, but remember there was the room rent to consider.

It was a newspaper which headlined a simple and tragic piece of information—Man o' War was dead.

(London Express Service)

Miracles Of Eye Surgery

By LEONARD ZAHN

THE recovery in America of six brothers and sisters from virtual blindness stands as a dramatic testimonial to the miracles of modern surgery.

The medical history of the Brochu family of Rochester, New Hampshire, is one of the most unusual on record. From the time they were in their teens,

six of the eight children of Joseph Brochu, a shoe factory foreman, began having trouble with their vision.

A disease—corneal dystrophy—covered their eyes with a milk-like film by the time each child reached the age of 38.

The disease, which doctors believe is hereditary with this particular family, took the colour out of the children's eyes.

Doors, windows, mirrors and other square objects all looked hazy, blurred and rounded. Passersby were just dim, distant shapes. Voices instead of faces became their means of identifying friends and relatives.

But in the last three years, with the aid of the Boston and New York eye banks, surgeons have restored precious sight to these stricken children.

Eyo Banks

The eye banks have been established to provide surgeons with corneal transplants. However, the banks cannot help every blind person, only those with certain types of eye trouble.

The dread disease can be cured by transplanting a healthy cornea from one person to another. The operation has been known for more than 100 years, but was used only in isolated cases until the 1930's. Eye surgeons estimate that today there are about 10,000 persons in the U.S. who probably could have their sight restored by a corneal graft.

Dr. Ramon Castroviejo of New York City, widely known for the transplanting operation, has given the gift of sight back to three members of the Brochu family.

In 1947 he operated on two sisters, Mrs. Natalie Brochu Lemire, of Biddford, Maine, and Miss Beatrice Brochu, of Rochester. Beatrice could see only two months after the operation and then "the cloud came back." But a successful operation was performed a year later.

Same Story

Another sister, Mrs. Arlene B. Miller of Rochester, was next to undergo a transplant, and since then she has worn glasses only for reading and fine knitting.

Dr. Castroviejo operated on a brother, the Rev. Emile Brochu, of Assumption College at Worcester, Massachusetts, last year. The last two to have their sight restored were Arlene and another sister, Mrs. Marie B. Ross of Somersworth.

They all tell the same story of this medical magic and say they'll do what they can to help others similarly afflicted.

One of the children, Mrs. Lemire, said after her operation: "I could see who it was I married."—United Press.

CANON WARNER

Should you spank a two-year-old?

"Although we are very much in love still, yet after six years we spend the greater part of our time quarrelling and nagging at one another until we are almost always miserable, and I begin to fear for the happiness of our two-year-old daughter. We make repeated attempts to be nice with each other, but these always seem to end in more quarrels. Part of the trouble is over the upbringing of our little girl. He expects me to slap her for every tiny error."

her. She is likely then to kick over the traces completely. She had never been given a chance to "do the right" for its own sake, but only from fear of the consequences if she didn't.

Your own line is the right one, and your husband should be thankful that he didn't marry the kind of woman you so often see on a crowded pavement slapping and tugging at some innocent but seditious child.

Divorce? No!

I have not had a penny from my husband for two and a half years, when he left me for a younger woman. Now that I am taking it to the High Court and refuse to divorce him, he is making things so awkward, pretending he has no money, everything is mortgaged, etc., though he has a good business. I have three children with me, one an invalid. I am afraid that the court will award me a small pension, and will also make me divorce him. If solicitor said I should have to divorce him, I don't know which way to turn. Can you help me?

YOU have joined a growing army of wives who have come to see the effect on society which every application for divorce inevitably must have.

In a society where divorce has become an accepted commonplace you at once get an alarming increase of reckless marriages, broken homes, frightened children, and scheming co-responsents.

So you refuse to divorce your husband. Don't expect an easy

time if you take this line. You will be badgered by the person who says a woman has no right to cling to a man who doesn't want her.

You will be accused of a revengeful spirit. When you get to the High Court you may well find certain judges who believe you are mistaken. Obviously your own solicitor thinks you are a fool in every sense than one. And you will have heavy burdens to carry alone. But no one can force a woman to divorce her husband.

I would say to you: "Good luck in the stand you are making for the sake of future generations. Face the music. Remember you are not alone in taking seriously your marriage vows; other women are suffering like you for the sake of those who will one day marry."

As for money, a High Court judge has certain methods open to him of getting at the real financial condition of a husband. You can trust him to get you justice, whatever his own personal views may be.

If your husband defaults in the payments that he is ordered to make, report to the court at once, before arrears begin piling up. The court has power to distrain upon his goods. If his failure to pay is due to his wilful refusal or to his culpable neglect, the maximum period for which he can be sent to prison is three months.

You have a duty to your children to act at once.

(London Express Service)

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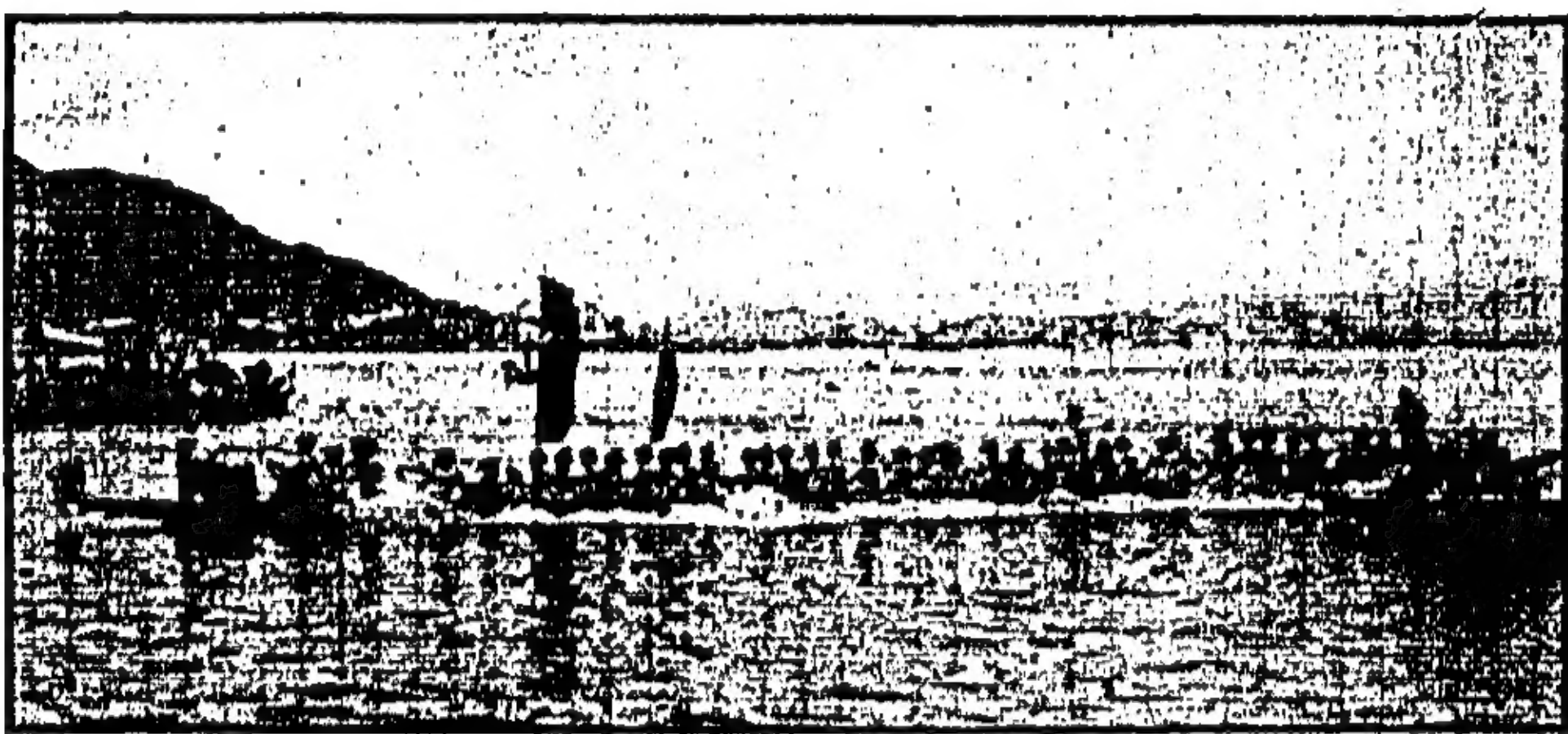
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THE Hon. R. R. Todd, Acting Colonial Secretary, speaking at the opening of the South China Athletic Association's new bathing pavilion at Ah Kung Ngam last Sunday. Mr R. C. Lee, President of SCAA, and Mrs Lee are seen at extreme left. Right: A dragon boat race—part of the afternoon's programme. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken at St Joseph's Church last Sunday after the wedding of Mr. Eduardo Jose Tavares and Miss Margaret Kathleen Ahwoo. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE christening took place last Sunday at the Union Church, where above picture was taken, of Virginia Joan, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs A. Baggott. (Ming Yuen)



LEFT and below: Three pictures taken at the Sports Club dinner dance held in the Hongkong Hotel last week. The dance was in aid of the Hongkong Anti-Tuberculosis Association. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR Justice Williams, Acting Chief Justice, inspected recruits of the Hongkong Police at a passing-out parade held at the Police Training School, Aberdeen, last Saturday. On the right, Mr Williams presents a silver whistle to one of the best recruits. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MRS J. E. Fald, who is retiring from the staff of the Hongkong University after a long association, being presented with a farewell gift at the University Students' Union. (Ming Yuen)

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MR Freeman Tong and Miss Marjorie Wong after their wedding at St Teresa's Church last week. (Ming Yuen)

MR A. C. Tai and his bride, formerly Miss Mary Koo, after their wedding at the Registry recently. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



AT the opening of the new Taikoo Club last week. On the right are Mr C. C. Roberts and Mr J. Finnle. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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—and a charming woman M.P. opened the show
CLOTHES FOR EVERY WOMAN

LONDON.
THERE IS AN OLD PROVERB: 'GOOD CLOTHES OPEN ALL DOORS.' This is a half-truth—I do not believe that good clothes can cover naked minds. But I feel confident that the British clothes show is during this Fashion Fortnight will open doors perhaps only ajar before. . . . Because the British characteristics—more prized today than ever—common sense and the capacity to compromise, are reflected in our styles.

Thus spoke the Minister of National Insurance—the Rt. Hon. Edith Summerskill, M.P., when she opened the first "Dresses for Every Woman" parade. Edith Summerskill, besides being an astute politician, is a charming woman with a strong sense of humour. She was dressed herself in a simple grey and white small patterned dress, plain navy court shoes, and a big brimmed navy straw hat.

She had some provocative things to say.

A woman's legs

"Nobody can shackle a woman's leg after her mind has been emancipated. . . . the man who thought he could re-introduce hobble skirts and wasp waists forgot—if he ever knew—that the Sex Disqualification Removal Act was passed in 1919."

Dr. Summerskill likes the long flowing skirt. "It is a splendid design for women politicians—we can cross our knees discreetly and forget our mothers told us no lady should

This dress is designed by GIL and priced at 6½ guineas. It would be difficult to find better value.

We must hand bouquets also to the designer who thought of an adjustable halter neckline on an evening dress, and the other whose sharkskin collar and cuffs were detachable.

For the outside

Some kindly soul had considered the outside woman, and produced a number of outfits for her, mainly with hip-length straight jackets—fashionable and flattering to any type of figure.

Bella and the "Wedding March" heralded the bride and two bridesmaids. We liked the cool effect of a net bridal gown with insets of lace in the wide skirt, but must we always have pink bridesmaids? A mild furor was caused at one point when the bride stepped on her veil and lost her headpiece.

With two suits the model showed us a reversible beret—which she was kind enough to reverse on the spot. Printed taffeta and lacquered chiffon for evening dresses, pail and more for cocktails, and fine wool for winter wear were the fabrics. A fabric not often seen was shadow check in grey colours. It had a pleasantly blurred effect at the edges but it must be confessed that at first sight, we wondered if our eyesight were failing. Is it fair to criticize too severely a show of this kind? Remembering that the prices were very low and the quality in general very good, we do feel bound to mention one or two facts.

Two salient facts

Firstly, manufacturers should remember that in cheaper dresses, brilliant colours immediately make the dress look

—By
Joan Erskine

do so. I can lounge comfortably into the small hours in the front bench at Westminster, and even speculate seriously about putting my feet on the table."

Mentally adolescent

She dealt drastically with those who slavishly follow fashion. "In the future the only women in the world who will wear extreme fashions which distort their bodies are those who are kept mentally adolescent." And her own skirts? "Mine stay down," she said in her forthright manner. "I'm doing with my skirts what men did with their turn-ups during the war—keeping them as they are."

And with this delivery, the show commenced. It was a combined effort by the Apparel and Fashion Industry's Association to show clothes within the price range of all women. In the Association there are something like four hundred manufacturers in London alone, and during the Fashion Fortnight there are 100,000 various garments to be seen in their showrooms by visiting buyers. No other city in the world, including Paris and New York, would claim this variety today. The chief points we noticed were the extremely low prices (some wool dresses were as little as £4 or £5); and the high quality of the workmanship. A fine black white check dress with deep scooped-out neckline was the best example.

The cheapest

Illustrated on this page is an evening dress which has the distinction of being the cheapest dress in Fashion Fortnight of its kind.

lawdry and "loud". Emerald green, royal blue, purple and scarlet, are not successful colours to produce in a cheaper range—even if they do appeal to many girls. Manufacturers and buyers have it in their power to influence good taste, better advantage. Watching an endless procession of ordinary dresses we were inclined to paraphrase. "they were quite nice little dresses as dresses go," and as dresses go, they went."

We also felt inclined to remark that some should be seen but not worn, and we automatically distrust such phrases as "a neckline that frames the face." We have yet to see it. And when Paris says "trail a chiffon scarf from your belt or pocket" it is really necessary to trail half a dozen from a belt, in different colours?

Pot horror

But our pet horror was a pink satin dress, in particularly shiny soft satin, with black lace insets. It looked suitable only for a stage bedroom, but was apparently designed for the dance floor. As we had seen many well-designed and tasteful dresses, many in the utility range, we felt designers could do better than this. It is interesting to watch these "Dresses for Every Woman" parades, because undoubtedly they are the dresses that sell widely all over the country.

It is pleasant to see a couture collection evolving more pleasant to write about it. But to see one of these ordinary parades is both instructive and revealing.

MODEL AT RIGHT is shown in a lovely evening dress in shot fuschia and blue moire designed by GIL with draped peg-top skirt following the line of the graceful swathed bodice. It is the cheapest evening dress shown in Fashion Fortnight.

TYPICAL OF those seen at the recent show is this creation of check taffeta afternoon or cocktail dress (model at left).

**City Bomb Site Glows With Jewels**

LONDON.
In unromantically-named Gutter Lane in the heart of the City an unpretentious pre-fab glittered and gleamed with jewellery worth £250,000.

Ranging from a diamond bracelet worth £8,000 to a plastic brooch selling for 2s, the exhibition included all kinds of jewellery, silverware and novelties. Amongst the latter nothing, perhaps, attracted more attention than a fascinating matching set of choker and bracelet from which dangled beautiful enamelled reproductions of the coats-of-arms of British colonies and towns.

THE SHOW was put on by the British Jewellers' Association for buyers visiting London's Fashion Fortnight. The humble pre-fab, elegantly carpeted within, is built on the site where, in the 9th century, British gold-beaters followed their craft.

Outstanding amongst the jewels which have been designed to complement present-day fashions are magnificent coloured gems. Exquisite stones such as amethysts, turquoise, topazes and sapphires are all cleverly employed to either harmonize or contrast with fashion's newest shades. One of the jewellers who have most successfully used these coloured gems is the firm which made Princess Elizabeth's engagement ring. This firm's creations take

the delightful form of fashionable spray brooches with matching ear-clips.

Diamonds—most coveted of all jewels, for they never lose their intrinsic value—were well represented. Most magnificent item was a platinum necklace composed of more than 200 large diamonds and baguettes skilfully worked to form leaf patterns.

FOR THOSE of us who are not-so-wealthy there are reasonable facsimiles available in the form of diamond-set paste. Reproductions of magnificent jewels which once graced the fashionable women of the 18th and 19th centuries, these fine imitation pieces take the form of necklaces, each consisting of matching necklace, bracelet, dress clips and the fashionable chandelier earrings.

The designers have not forgotten the teenagers. Charm bracelets had even more original symbols, amongst them mousetraps, gramophones, road signs, kitchen utensils, animal figures, and even blackboards bearing the legend "I Love You."

THE perennial charm of pearls seem to have inspired designers to even greater heights. Pastel shades of green, mauve, orange or lemon were shown as well as the conventional white or steel-grey. AMONGST THE novelties which attracted attention from buyers was the "Wonder" Vanity box. No larger than an ordinary powder compact, it yet managed to contain powder compartment, rouge-box, comb, clothes brush and perfume container, as well as a lipstick holder attached by a fine chain.

One of the amusing compacts was the "Bon Voyage," made in the form of a small gilt suitcase complete with handle, straps and initial plate on which the owner's name can be inscribed.

Set against an authentic background of tartans were the "Luckenbooth" brooches. These are reproductions of old Scottish betrothal gifts which were made in Edinburgh prior to 1745, and seem the ideal jewellery to wear with the tartan fashions of today.

MOST EXOTIC exhibits were the Oriental-type of inexpensive

silver jewellery, set with turquoise, opals, garnets, pearls, and other semi-precious stones. Made in strikingly intricate patterns, they could be bought individually or in sets of necklaces, brooches, bracelets, earrings and rings as large as knuckle-dusters.

—By Eve Lovgreen

Even hairdo is tailored

It's neat and nifty. A sleek, up-swinging, tailored hairdo that's easy to keep in place.

By HELEN FOLLETT

EXCEPT for the girl in her late teens, who still sticks to flowing locks, the tailored type of hairdo is likely to be one's and you'll still be marching in the happiest charade. Tailored charm is simple, almost classic. Your tresses are clipped fairly short, there is an up and backward motif that takes them into the realm of smart distinction. Only a few wide wave lines. No curly cues, no ringlets, no fluff. Perfect for a well-shaped head.

Longer bobs, fluffed out, hide the rear neckline that may have charm of its own and they make of the head look massive, often cut the proportion to the rest of the body, especially if one belongs to the small-sized contingent. Still, some girls are accustomed to resting in one direction—thing about—modern hair.

Hair Reacts

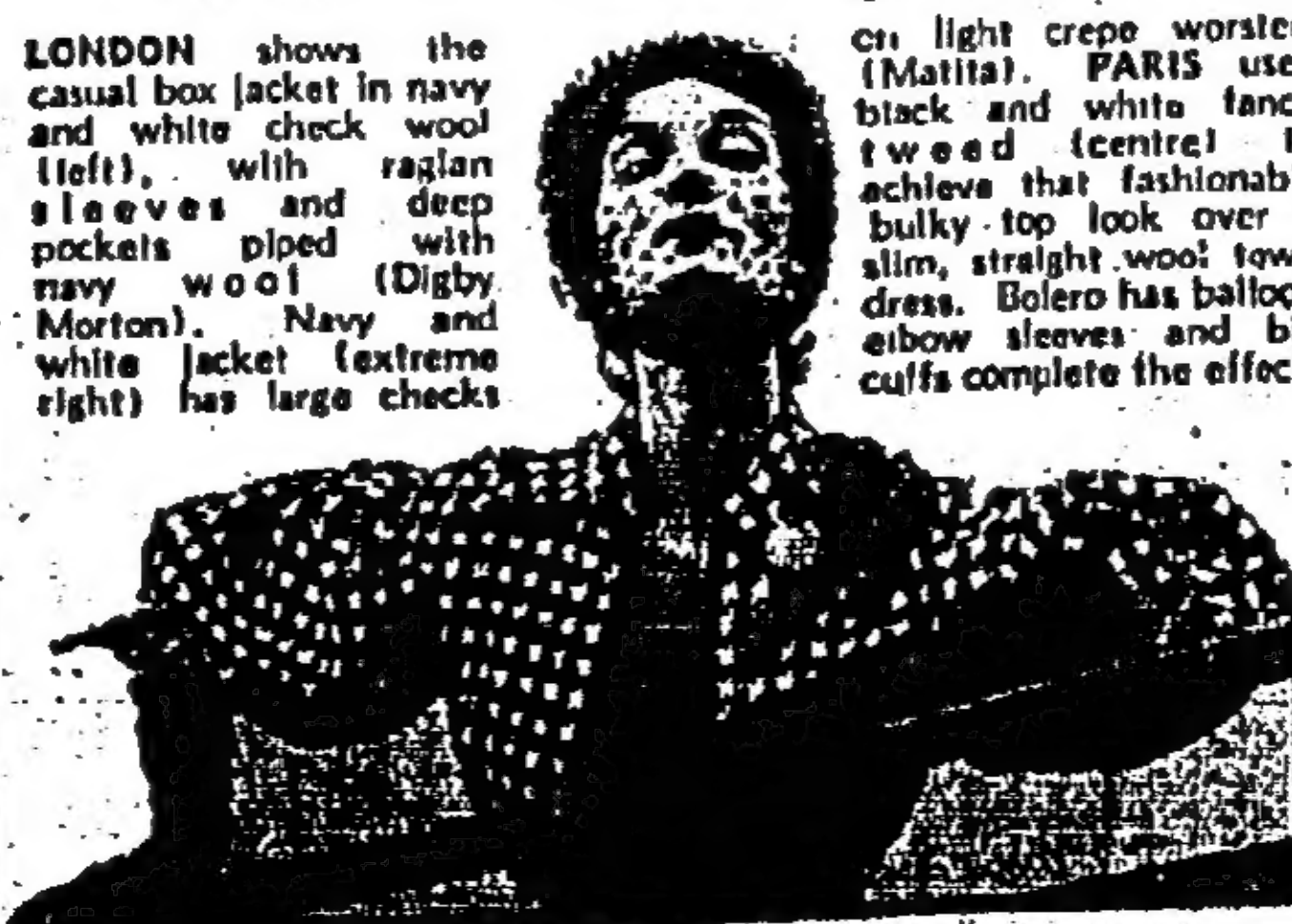
Whenever one takes on a new hairdo, the tresses require special care; for hair, like a well-trained child, has to be pushed around in new directions. Having worn a side parting, and deciding to part your hair in the middle, note how your hair acts up. It fairly snarls at you. Your scalp feels sore and the shafts, sensitive when the tresses are accustomed to resting in one direction, are swept in another manner—thing about—modern hair.

CHECK

The casual jacket makes news in two capitals

LONDON shows the casual box jacket in navy blue and white check wool (left), with raglan sleeves and deep pockets pined with navy wool (right). Navy and white jacket (extreme right) has large checks

on light crepe worsted (Maitre). PARIS uses black and white fancy tweed (centre) to achieve that fashionable bulky top look over a slim, straight wool town dress. Bolero has balloon elbow sleeves and big cuffs complete the effect.



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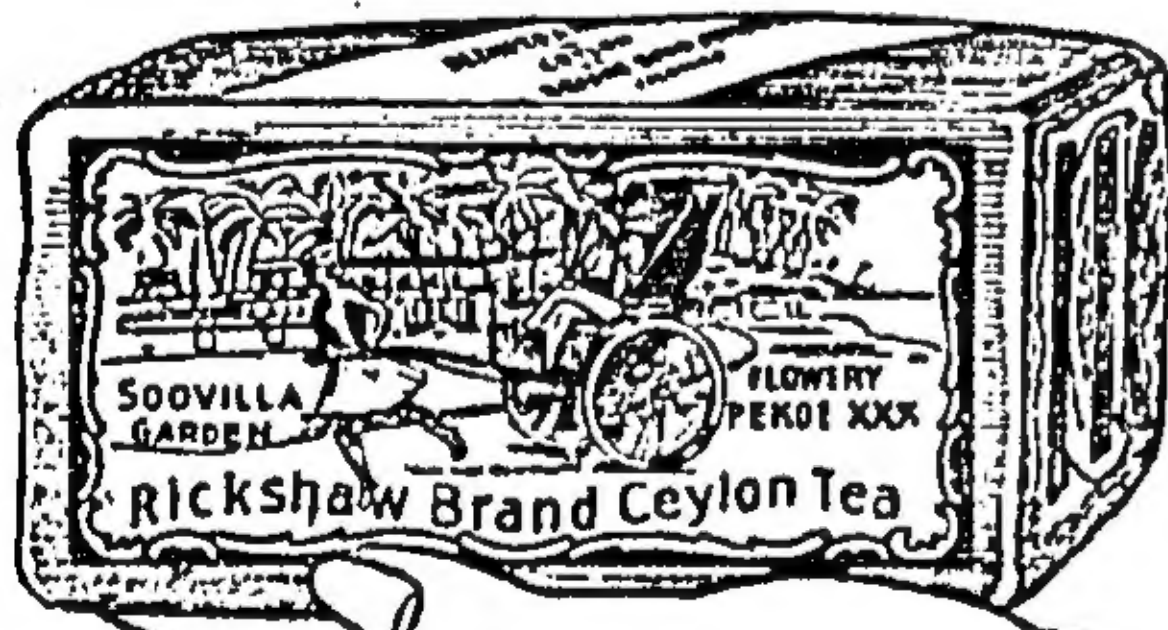
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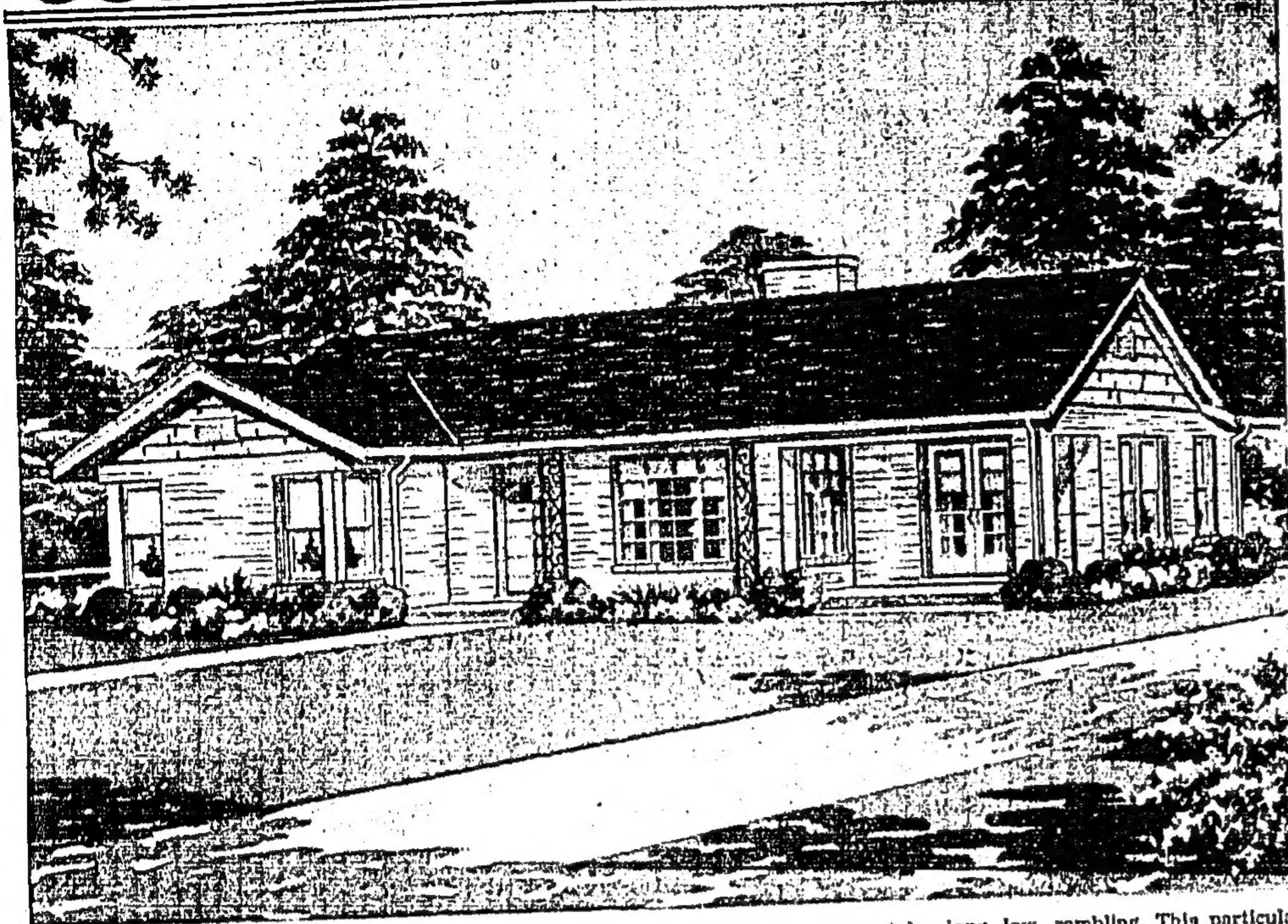
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HOME, SWEET HOME. takes on a modern appearance when it's built ranch house style—long, low, rambling. This particular model is designed with brick walls and shingled gables. A bedroom and the living room look out on front lawn. There's a porch, too.

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

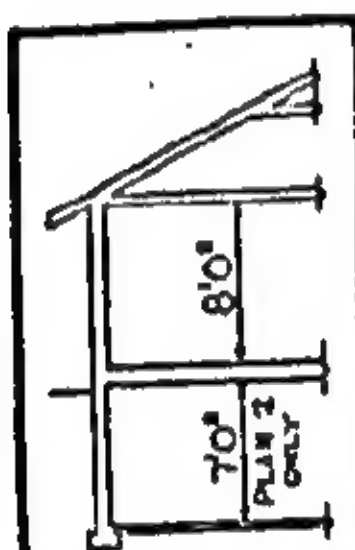
HERE'S a house that would be nice to come home to. The exterior is charming in a rambling, ranch house way, with brick walls and shingled gables. Inside, there are five rooms designed for comfortable efficiency.

The good-sized living room runs the width of the house. A large window, at front, looks out on the lawn and flowered plantings. At the other end of the room, there's a delightful fireplace and a built-in shelf for books.

A dining room opens off the right of the living room and leads into the kitchen. The dining room also features French doors leading to a porch that could be used for outdoor summer dining.

The bath separates two bedrooms, each of which has adequate closet space for clothes and linens.

Ceilings are 8 feet high. There are 15,640 cubic feet in this house when it's built without a basement; 20,730 cubic feet in house with a basement.



CEILINGS on main floor are 8 feet in height.

Worrying doesn't help you—

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

IN these hectic days, with many people, worry has become so constant that it must be classed as a habit. Instead of taking life as it comes, they get into a state of anxiety over all sorts of things and worry about what may happen tomorrow, next week or next year, or never at all.

This solves no problems and may even do actual harm. Recent studies of what happens to the body when people become anxious indicate that such a state of mind can produce changes in the blood vessels, muscles, and other parts of the body. The blood vessels contract and the muscles become tense or rigid.

Keyed Up

If a person continues to keep himself keyed up in this way, he develops a chronic or long-continued state of anxiety and, furthermore, it has been found that this anxiety is catching. No matter how much he tries to conceal his state of anxiety from others, nevertheless the tone of his voice and his movements may make others realize that he is worrying and many of them, too, even begin to worry.

Persons try to compensate to relieve themselves of anxiety in various ways. They seem to find an outlet in overeating, or smoking, or drinking too much. Still other persons may try to get rid of anxiety by constant conversation and contact with other persons. A few people try to compensate by interfering too much in the lives of their friends.

One good way of controlling anxiety is by sharing and discussing problems with others. It is a good idea to talk about your troubles to other people and not to keep them to yourself.

Worry Is Contagious

However, it is important to pick the right type of persons with whom to talk over these matters. Thus, select people who are genial and friendly. Confiding in another worrier is only likely to make matters worse. On the other hand, sharing anxiety with one who is himself normal often brings a feeling of security and confidence. But, remember, since worrying is contagious, if the wrong type of persons are selected as confidants, it may only aggravate the situation.

If worrying reaches the point where it is a good plan to consult a specialist in disorders of the nervous system who can suggest ways and means to help relieve the worry state, such as getting proper persons with whom to talk over the matter, making proper emotional adjustments and, if possible, eliminating economic and other factors which may be back of the worry state.

A Wise Shopper Who Knows Her Linens

ONE of the most popular fabrics for summer clothes this year is linen.

Once in the high-price category, it appears now in suits and dresses that are most reasonably priced. Wrinkle-shedding qualities make a garment of this material a good buy.

The wise shopper wants to know something about the fabric she buys, whether in yardage or made up. So here are a few tips about linen.

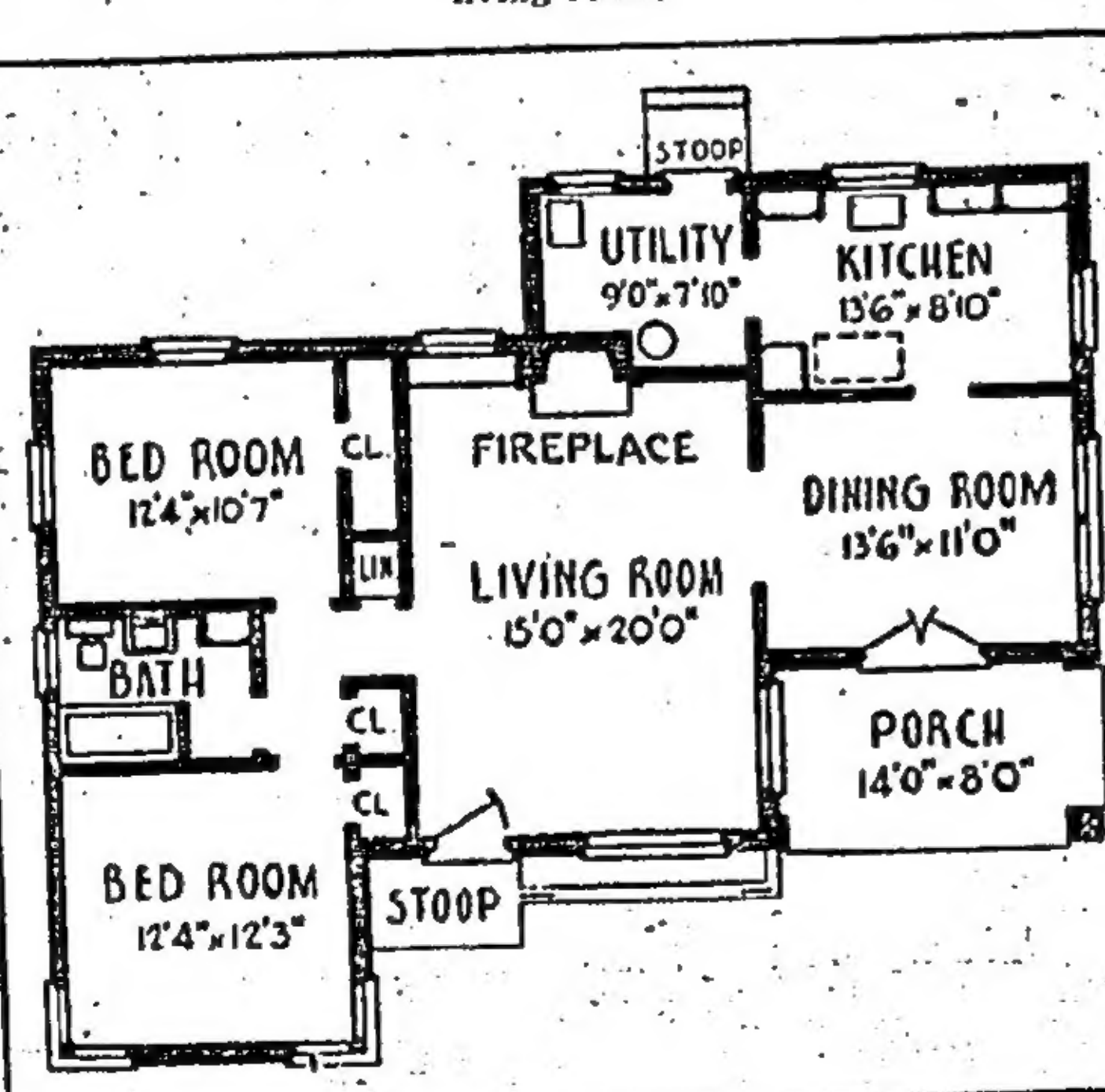
Yarn or fabric of smooth-surfaced flax fibres, and may be either a plain weave or a damask weave for table linens. Linen is plain-woven linen, unbleached, ecru or white. Much in demand for embroidery, it is sometimes used for dresses and uniforms. Perhaps it is more familiar to you as embroidery linen.

There is burlap linen. This is Irish linen in a coarse weave, hand-made in strips about two feet wide. It is so-called because burlap is the Irish measure of two feet. Burlap linen is a firm linen with slings to make it stiff, and consequently useful for collars and belts.

What About Butcher Linen? Now we come to the controversial butcher linen. This is a type of plain woven crash, which gets its name from the fact that it was originally used



A COMFORTABLE CHAIR by the fireplace—what man could ask for anything more? A cozy corner in the good-sized living room.



A GROUND FLOOR utility room is substituted when this house is built without basement. The kitchen is smaller, too, in this plan.

JOAN DALE offers you: Some Cool Ideas For Warm Days

HOT WEATHER TIPS.—Pint-sized dimple bottle of linden blossom toilet water in the London shops and holiday travel bath salt caskets, containing six perfumed phials of crystals. For the older skin there are a muscle tightener, and an anti-wrinkle cream.

FOR A SLUGGISH SKIN: a tiny metal instrument with a blunt edge which removes all dirt with the cleansing cream, and a new kind of complexion brush made of 405 hollow tubes, which thoroughly cleanses the face.

BRODERIE ANGLAISE fronts will transform the oldest suit, are cool to wear and can be laundered in an hour some with wide pointed collars; matching white gloves in fine hand-made crocheted cotton with patterned cuff, or in chrome dressed lamb-skin that is washable.

A BERET to match all your frocks and suits. A manufacturer has a range of 50 different colours—or you can send a pattern along to ensure correct matching.

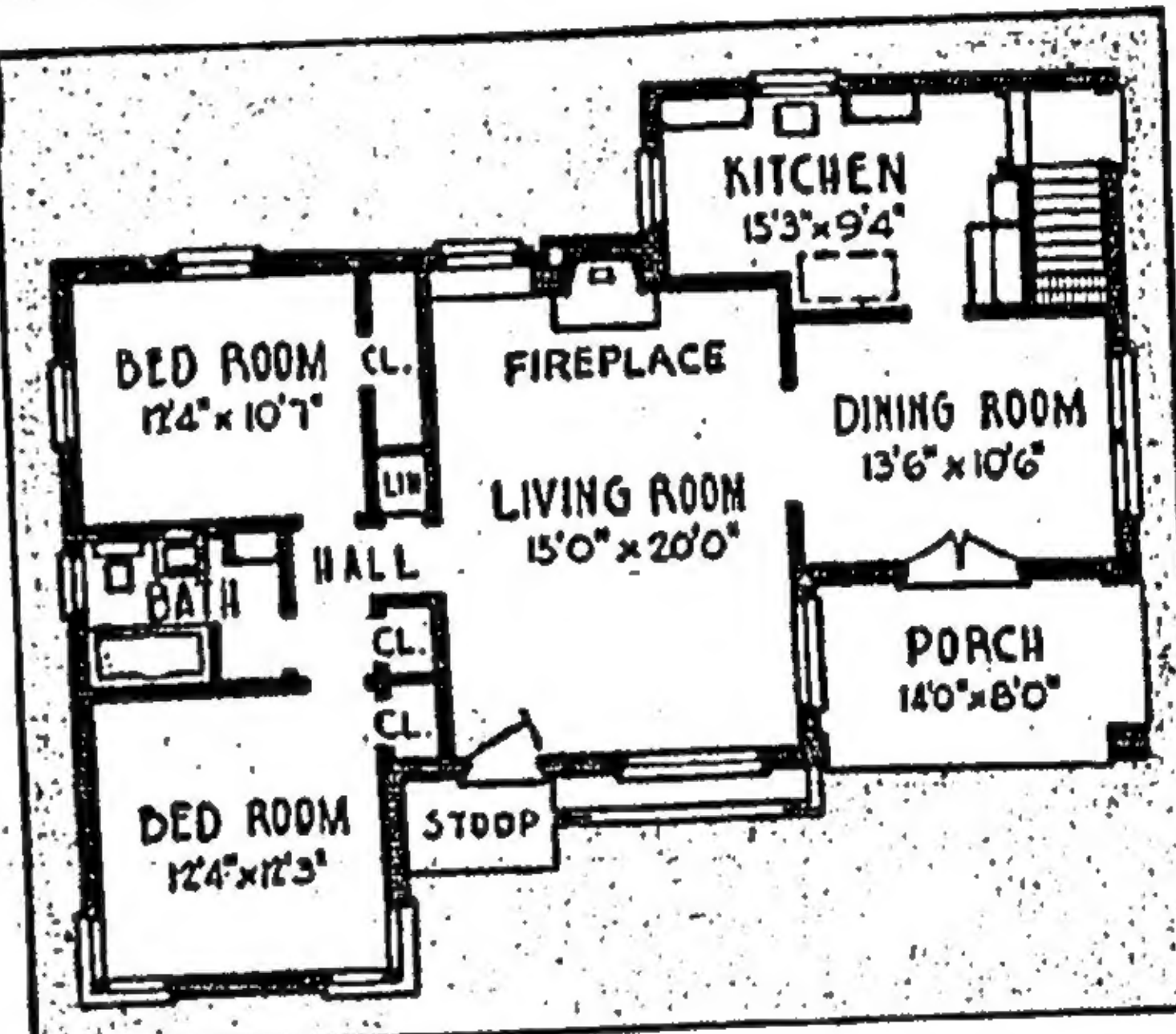
HERE are some thinned ideas for cold meals that will save you time and energy, as well as providing variety for your dinner table while the hot spell lasts:

NORWEGIAN SMOKED SAUSAGE.—It tastes like smoked salmon—thinned crab, apricot nuclear juice, cod's roe paste, minced clams, cold consommé soup, soft herring roes, Gaffelbites, goose liver paste, peeled shrimps, lunny fish.

Also you can now find in the shops party packs containing gherkins, cucumbers, cocktail onions and olives, olives stuffed with anchovies, sweet gherkins, stuffed with pimientos.

HOLIDAY SANDALS from Italy and Spain are plentiful. In canvas, with rope soles, some have multi-coloured straps you can twist round your ankle ballet fashion. You can buy them plain, in gay colours, or embroidered.

Painted Italian straw shoes are light and comfortable, in natural straw, hand-embroidered; flat strollers in webbing come in nearly 50 different check designs and in blue, wine, green brown or black.



THERE'S CLOSET SPACE aplenty in this delightful home. Built with a basement, the dining room and kitchen are a little larger.

What some women think of women

IT'S too bad that Hollywood has made a complete fetish of the 18-year-old heroine. Anybody at that age is the dullest person.

—Actress Rette Davis.
ONCE a woman gets herself scraped, no amount of imagination is going to make her seem like anything but an unfortunate experiment from a barber college.

—Artist George Petty on new short hair styles.

ARLENE DAHL's new stationery consists of light blue paper imprinted with dark red lips, a black mole and, no other identifications.

For longer wear, sheets should be reversed at alternate changing with the narrow hem at the top of the bed. Pillow cases receive rough treatment when used as laundry bags. It would be less expensive to invest in a laundry bag.

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three flowers

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BARGAINS

FROM

ALL

DEPTS.

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NO CONSIDERATION OF COSTS

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Yours for the WAXING!

JOHNSON'S WAX

PASTE WAX

Your floors—and your furniture—need the protection of Johnson's wax. The wax takes the wear, the surface underneath lives longer, looks lovelier. Insist on Johnson's wax.

Blossom out with our Pretty Flower Basket COMPACT

Carry beauty in this quat little powder case—Wadsworth's new basket full of charm, topped with a scattering of tiny enamelled primroses. Choose it for a sure-to-please gift.

Sole Agents:
SHIRIO (CHINA) LTD.

PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS

Copies of photographs taken by the South China Morning Post and Hong Kong Telegraph Staff Photographers are on view in the Morning Post Building.

ORDERS BOOKED.



GROUP at Kai Tak Airport last week to welcome Philippines Senator Quintin Paredes and Governor Fortunato Halili of Bulacan Province (second and third from left), who arrived from Manila by plane for a short stay. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



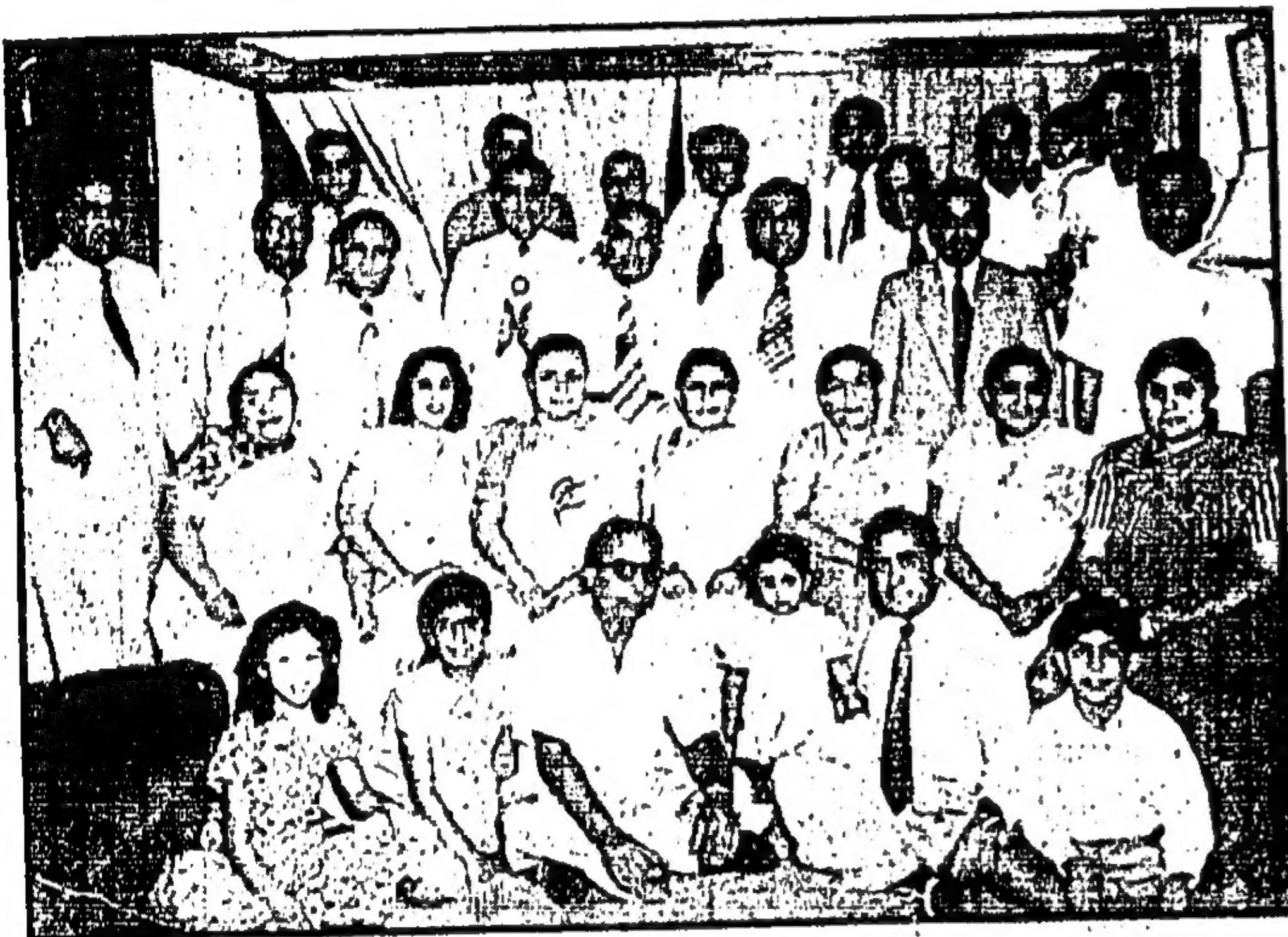
WEDDING of two doctors — Drs G. B. Ong and Christina Chow, both graduates of the Hongkong University. They were married at St Joseph's Church last Saturday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR Paul Y. B. Yen and Miss Stella Sham after their wedding at the China Congregational Church last Saturday.



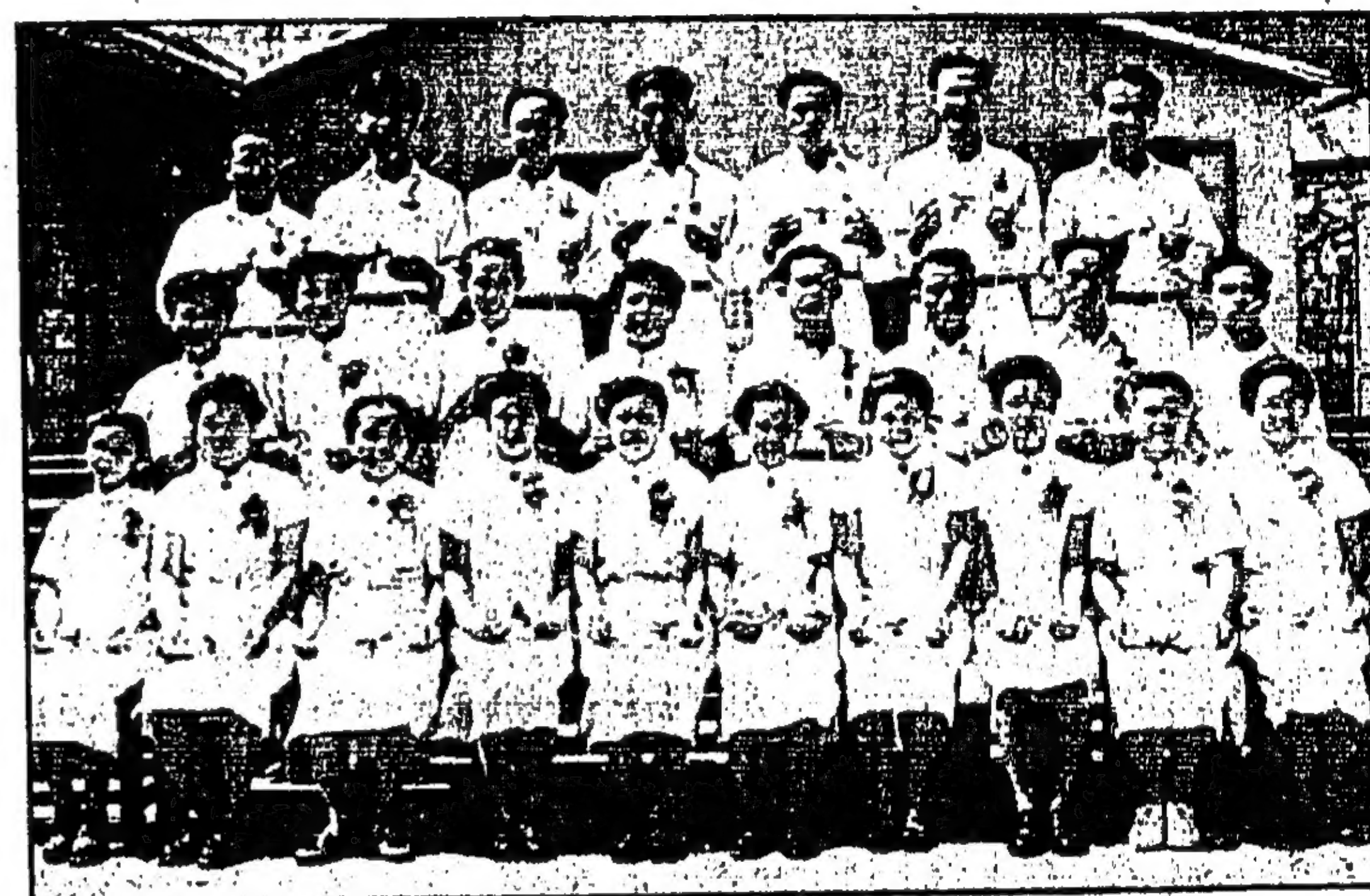
MR Chan Yin-kee and Miss Yau Yu-ching, who were married at the Registry recently.



GROUP photograph taken at the party given for Miss Shoola Molwani by Mr and Mrs D. S. Mohan. (Ming Yuen)



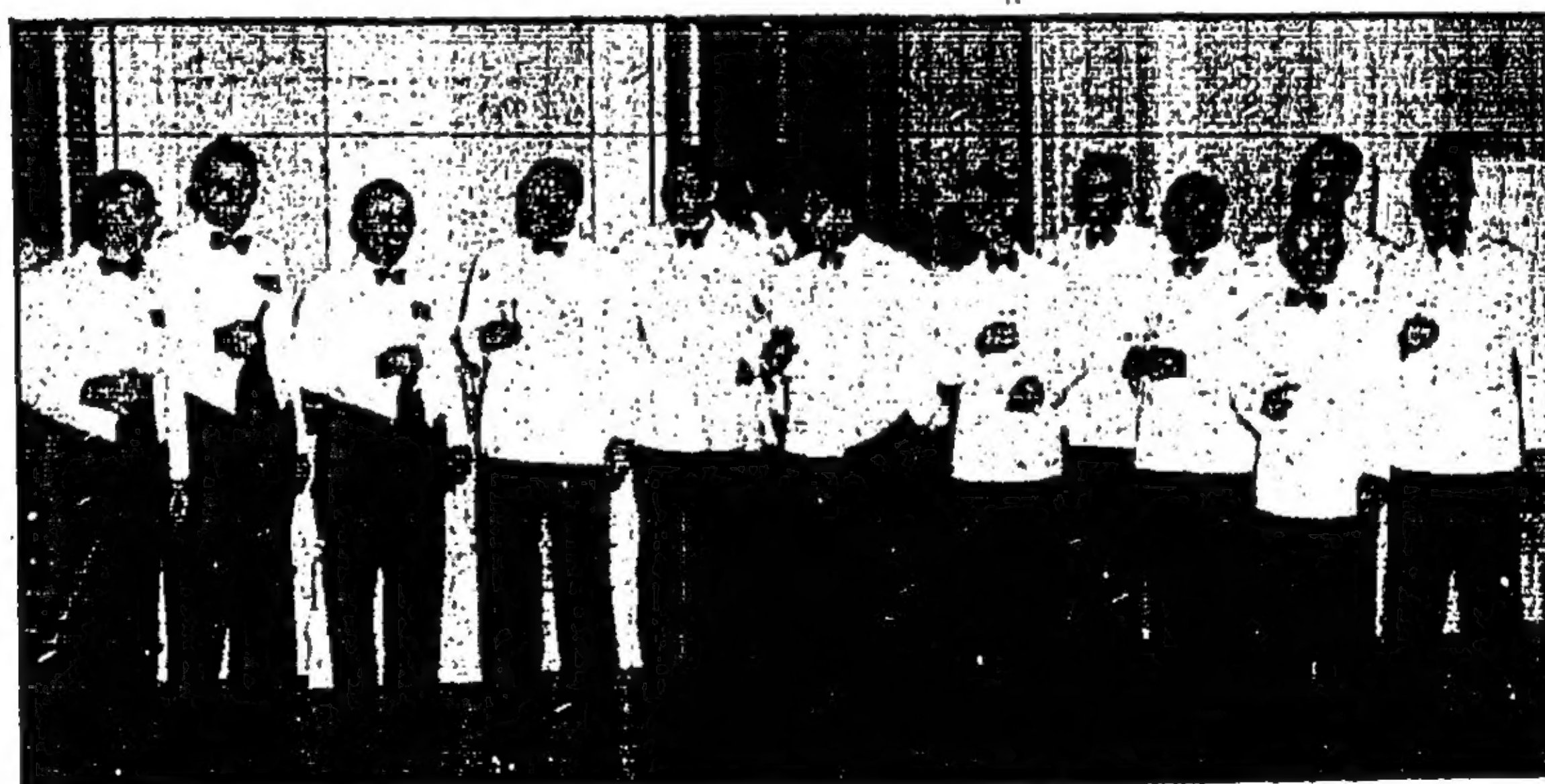
DR and Mrs V. N. Atienza (seated on the right) with friends who said bon voyage to them before they sailed by the ss Benveniste for a holiday in England. (Victor Studio)



THE graduating class of the Ecclesia Bible Institute at Cheung Chau. The Institute is operated under the auspices of the Assemblies of God, Canada and U.S.A.



MARGARET, (seated centre), daughter of Mr and Mrs W. Nicholson, with friends who attended her fourth birthday party last week. (Ming Yuen)



CAPT. J. Headlam, formerly of the Scouts of Malaya, inspecting Scouts at the Prince of Wales Banner rally held at La Salle College last Saturday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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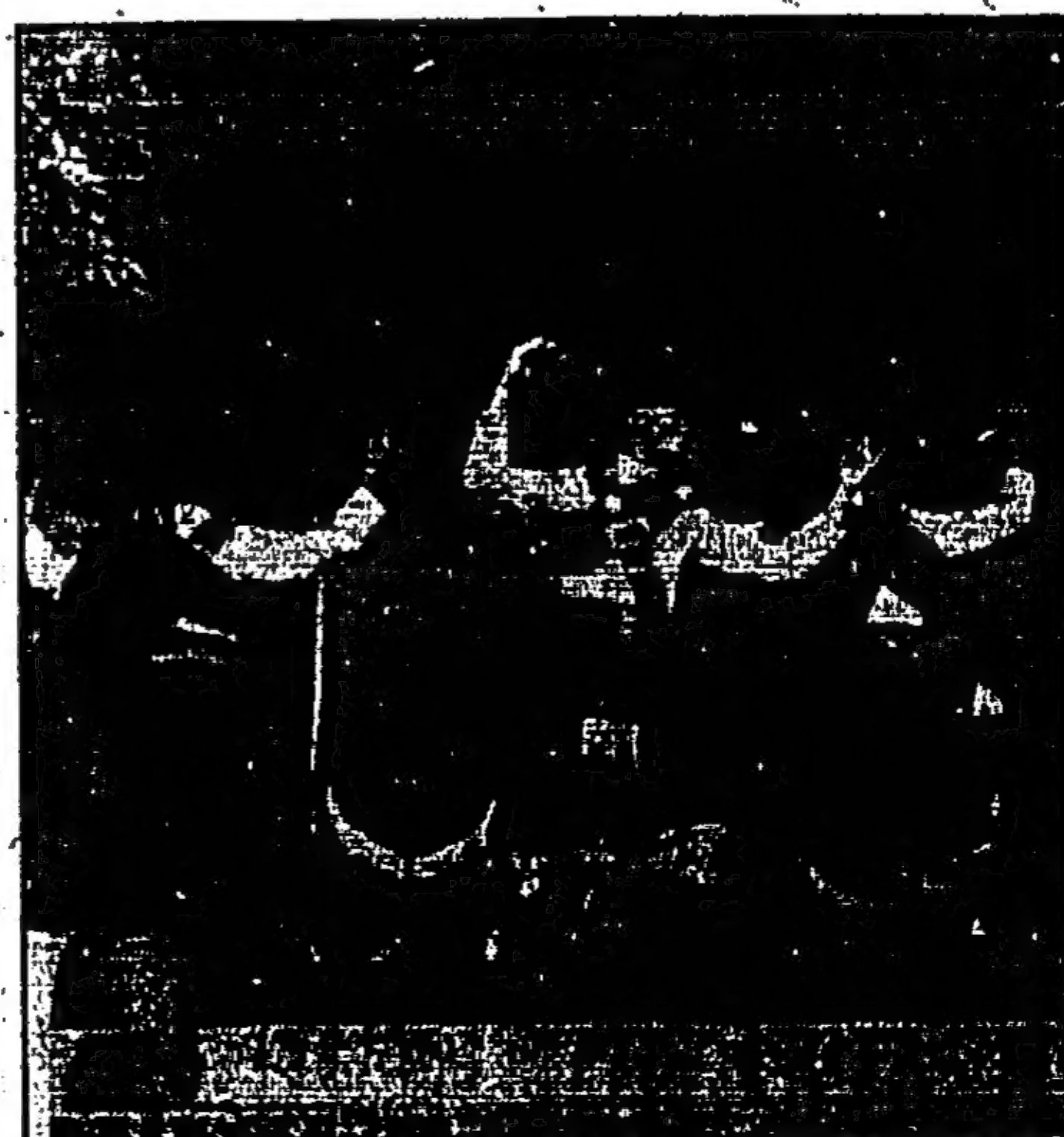
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MR Billy Tingo, physical instructor, with the captain of the Peak School team which won the 50 yards relay at the children's sports held at the Hongkong Cricket Club last Saturday. (Francis Wu)

OFFICERS of the Royal Engineers and guests who attended a dinner held in the Hongkong Club on Wednesday evening. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



DANCERS of the King's Own Scottish Borderers giving an exhibition of Highland dancing at the Botanical Gardens last Sunday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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SEFTON DELMER TALKS WITH HITLER'S GENERALS

Another
NEWSMAP
Exclusive!

I PUSHED the slip of paper which was my pass through a narrow slit in the big, solid steel gate of Werl penitentiary. I could sense someone on the other side examining it carefully.

Then a key turned in the lock. The great door swung open. I walked in.

Thus I became the first newspaper reporter to be allowed to visit Werl Gaol since it became the home and headquarters of the most important and influential group of Hitler's generals still alive in Germany today.

These are the men who, after being found guilty of war crimes, are now serving long sentences in this British zone gaol.

I found myself in a typical German prison. It had German warders, called tiers of cells looking out on a central well. It was the image of that Berlin gaol where, in March 1933, I had been taken to see the Communist leaders Thaelmann and Torgler, and the pacifists Muchsam and Ossietzki.

This time I had no oily Gestapo man to escort me. Instead, I was led by the bluff and kindly British governor, Colonel Vickers, and his Yorkshire helper, Major Clapham.

Nor were the generals I met cooped up in cells. I found them sitting in a large and comfortable recreation room.

As we entered the room the generals stood up and bowed to the colonel. A second later I was being introduced to some of the most famous German names of the war—white-haired, grey looking, elderly men, each dressed in convict uniform of spotless blue drill.

"Kesselring," said the colonel with a wave of the hand to a smiling and forceful-looking little man at the top of the room.

"Manstein," he pointed. "Mackensen, . . . Schmidt, . . . Gullenkamp, . . . Falkenhorst, Maelzer, Wolff, Simon. . . Then others less well known."

Kesselring starts the talking

I BOWED to each one and each one bowed to me. Then we sat down in pleasant, comfortable chairs. No military ranks had been mentioned. But it was clear at once that military

Kesselring

—His favourite crack is "Next time there is a war they will have to have lawyers in command."

Manstein

—was a little fractious at first. He did not want to wear convict blue and protested. The Wehrmacht would never agree to this.

Mackensen

—a most un-convict-like figure with a monocle flashing from his left eye.

seniority still held good in the gaol.

Field-Marshal Kesselring, ex-commander-in-chief of the German forces in Southwest Europe, was clearly the number one. He started the talking on this occasion as he does every evening when the group meets.

Field-Marshal von Manstein was the number two. He edged his chair close to mine and when Kesselring paused he took up the tale.

Colonel-General von Mackensen, a most un-convict-like monocle flashing from his left eye, chipped in frequently.

Colonel may let them stay up

BUT Falkenhorst, although he too was a colonel-general, and had been the supreme commander in Norway, spoke only when spoken to.

What did the generals have to say to me? Alas, the British authorities, when giving me the pass for the gaol, made the condition that I should not directly quote what the generals said.

Each has his own garden plot where he is allowed to grow what he likes. They grow vegetables—and vegetables which, like lettuce, they can eat without cooking.

For these generals are canny fellows. They are afraid that their fellow convict cooks might steal their prized produce.

The most valued privilege of all is that at half past five in the evening,

when the rest of the prisoners are shut up in their cells for the night, Kesselring and his men are allowed to meet in their recreation room.

They listen to the radio, they talk, and they read. And if there is something special on the radio, like a particularly attractive concert (or the Savoy-Woodcock fight), why then the colonel gives them permission to stay up until it is over.

Are any of them fractious? Well, Manstein when he first arrived was inclined to be a little difficult. He did not want to put on his convict blue. "The Wehrmacht," he said, "would never agree to this!"

At first, too, he sulkily refused the patch of garden that was offered to him, refused to join the group of generals who under Kesselring's direction are writing a history of their campaigns for the U.S. war department. (A carbon copy goes to Whitehall.)

Now Manstein is enthusiastic too

BUT today Manstein has his garden and he is fighting the war over again on paper as enthusiastically as anyone.

Not that I am surprised that Manstein has joined the historians. For it is this history-writing that gives the generals in Werl a chance to keep in touch with their soldier colleagues outside. They are at the receiving end of the secret grapevine which now once more links the staff officers

of Hitler's former Wehrmacht.

How so? The memories of the historians are not infallible. So every now and then they find it necessary to have some general—who is free and at large in the outside world—to visit them in goal to refresh their recollection.

Two main topics they discuss. The first is their constant worry over the financial straits of their families. What was left of the personal fortunes of these men has all been confiscated. Their dependants receive no pensions or allowances.

Moreover, they are precluded from the relatives of war criminals following all but the most menial pursuits.

The second is the injustice and illegality of their conviction, the possibility of their release and rehabilitation. Each has his own pet solution for exonerating himself.

General Schmidt says: "Why not let us go home on parole?" Manstein says: "We realize that the allies feel bound by their agreement with the Russians. That the holding of hundreds of thousands of Germans in Russia, and civilians, permits them to declare these agreements in abeyance. That would make it possible to let us out."

All of them profess that unless war crimes procedure is revised radically and codified by international agreement there will be an end to (1) OBEDIENCE to orders and responsibility of command; (2) INTERNATIONAL agreements such as the Hague Convention.

'There is a case for review'

THERE is, I believe, a case for an immediate review of all war crime sentences. All prisoners should be released, prisoners should be released for actions initiated or committed by themselves, but because they failed to prevent the execution of illegal orders.

The thinking behind much of the war crimes procedure has been so muddled and contradictory that I agree with Kesselring's favourite crack: "Next time there is a war they won't be able to have soldiers in command. They will have to have lawyers."

I appreciate that the old gentlemen in Werl Gaol recreation room are representatives of a system which has twice in my lifetime plunged the world into war.

But the way to restore peace to the world is to restore respect for law and justice.

★FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ALEXANDER, in his despatches—just published—on the last year of the Italian campaign, says of KESSELRING: "Every time we attacked Kesselring in Italy we took him completely by surprise, but he showed very great skill in extricating himself from the desperate situations into which his faulty intelligence had led him."

(London Express Service)

Sydney Stanley's Latest!



Listen, son... I'm just deluged with money... I'll be flooding France with dresses...

PARIS. A nice pair of shoes you have got to fork out in the neighbourhood of £4 or £5. Too much. Now in England you can get a nice pair for thirty bob. Good.

"So I will bring British shoes over here and sell them by the million. This will cut the ground from under those Czechoslovak Communists."

"Don't worry, I have got everything all lined up," stressed Stanley, "and I am going to bring a whole lot of English people over to help run this store."

"You simply can't beat the British. I know all there is to know about England. I have read faith in the country."

"I will bring the people flocking into this store with an advertising campaign such as has never before been seen—25,000 shoppers a day, just like I did for that British store."

"Which store was that?" "No names, no pack drill," said Stanley emphatically.

"About his advertising thing, Stanley has decided to be modest. 'Depend on one thing, the Stanley name will not be mentioned. The time Stanley is far too valuable to be mixed up with anything like advertising. But they will come running.'

"Have you a contract?" I ventured. "Contract?" said Stanley, his voice rising high. "A contract for Stanley? Whoever heard of such a thing?"

"I shall conduct my special investigation for six weeks (the so-called experts would take six months) and then I shall probably have the whole place as a super-goldmine in under a year. Then I shall probably step out to bigger things."

There was a knock on the outer door of Stanley's office. "Entrez," shouted Stanley. "That is about the only word of the lingo I know," he told me. "To speak French would be a handicap."

'My reports'

HE slung open a drawer of his desk, held up a sheaf of papers and whipped them away again.

"Reports," he said. "Reports that pave the way for a sensational experiment in Anglo-French commerce. I intend to deluge the French market with—what do you think?"

He paused and added: "The last thing the French expect—cheap women's dresses, mass produced in Britain. I shall sell them around a guinea apiece."

"Including Customs duties?" I asked.

"Listen, son," said Stanley, "as far as Stanley is concerned tariffs do not enter the picture. It is a part of my plan. Tariffs will be washed out by mutual agreement, so the dresses entering France from Britain will be duty free. The same will go for the French goods I shall sell in England."

"British goods are best," he went on. "You can't get away from that. But the mistake most guys make when they start trying to sell is to try to sell the things people expect."

"If I were in the drink business, which I am not, would I try to sell Scotch whisky? No—Stanley would start selling Welch whisky."

'All lined up'

IT would be the same thing with textiles for Stanley. "They expect you to come along with cloth for men's suits or men's shirts. But oh, what a surprise when Stanley storms the French market with British women's dresses. 'And I will do the same with shoes. Over here if you want

—(London Express Service)

—(London Express Service)

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The things that people swallow

CHILDREN are the world's most daring swallowers of foreign bodies, as every mother knows.

Adults are usually more cautious. Painful childhood experience has made them so.

Yet accidents can happen, as those doctors know who have had to remove nails, needles, pairs of scissors, and sets of false teeth from innumerable stomachs. In New South Wales gaols wardens are always on the alert for prisoners who try to swallow cutlery.

Rarely is outside the aim. Usually, the prisoner, after being taken to hospital, doctor work, and receive special food and attention.

At Long Bay, years ago, a prisoner cut the steel handle of a two-foot dagger into 17 pieces, and swallowed the lot. Then he "ate" the metal handle of a fork. Four years later he swallowed the handle of an iron spoon and two "padded" pieces of tin.

Other Long Bay prisoners have featured their stomachs with iron clamps from braces, tractor buttons, nails, needles, and razor blades. One tried to wrap razor blade fragments in cotton wool in order to "get them down."

Prison doctors who remove all this scrap are often amazed at what the human gullet and intestine will put up with. A curious case now going the rounds of the medical journals is that of a woman whose appendix was found packed with more than 60 small lead shot. They had been there so long that the appendix had become stretched and enlarged, and its wall had grown new tissue as a protection.

After suffering for months from stomach pains, headaches, and nausea, including fits of vomiting, the woman went to a doctor and had the shot removed by surgical operation. She then confessed to a fondness for "pennies," particularly "pennies" and "pennies," and admitted that the birds she ate had been shot by her brother, who was a first-class shot.

STRANGER still are the things swallowed deliberately by Indian fire-eaters, Hindu fakirs, and yogi men, and those dare-devil fellows, the professional sword-swallowers.

A British Army medical officer, Captain R. Desolud-moff, once swallowed a sword, who described in the British Medical Journal an extraordinary experience

THE case of the 19-year-old Sydney girl who recently swallowed five safety-pins, including one which was open, and lived to tell the tale, reminds us that the human stomach, like that of the ostrich, is one of the most ill-treated of all the delicate organs of the body.

Journal of 1937 how he had been called to attend a Douay Hindu who used to make his living swallowing articles and hauling them out again from his stomach with a long piece of tape.

By Edward Axford

When the tape one day failed to perform its duty, the unfortunate Hindu fell to the ground in agony.

During the subsequent surgical operation there were several moments when the patient was in a state of collapse.

Most sword-swallowers are satisfied if the blade goes down no further than the gullet. But that does not lessen the danger. One little nick, and a vein may be cut. One false move and you have lost a tooth.

That is why the professional sword-swallower practices in his youth with short, blunt-tipped swords, or long, soft-pointed daggers. A sharpening his neck to give the blade easy access and cushioning the gullet muscles with daily exercises.

He may with luck live a profitable life of sword-swallowing without a hitch or an accident. Then a slip, due perhaps to carelessness, or undisciplined confidence, and it's a case for the doctor, or the undertaker.

THERE was the tragic case of John Lajo, a Swedish sword-swallower, who thrust two 2ft swords down his gullet during a performance at a Melbourne fair in 1939.

Most people would be more satisfied to swallow two swords, but Lajo's ambition was to swallow three. In trying to shove the third sword down, he cut his throat and died shortly afterwards in Royal Melbourne Hospital.

Launched by far was Fred Lowe, an Australian professional sword-swallower, who

in a Melbourne hotel in 1932. Demonstrating his peculiar gifts to a circle of friends, he succeeded in swallowing a watch and chain, which he recovered and returned to its owner.

But when he tried to follow up this success by gulping down a table fork 18in long, a prong of the fork stuck in his throat and would not be dislodged, no matter how he tugged and coughed and choked.

His friends rushed him to the Royal Melbourne Hospital, but on the way the fork worked itself loose and dropped down into the region of Mr Lowe's chest.

When an X-ray photograph was being taken, it moved again and descended into the stomach by while time the exasperated doctors gave up and resorted to an operation. On the whole, Mr Lowe was pleased with the result.

Do you remember hearing about Miran Dajo, the Dutchman billed as "The Man They Could Not Kill"? For years he amazed Europe by having swords rammed through vital parts of his body while he lay in a hypnotic trance.

He claimed to have been stabbed 500 times, submerged in boiling water, and shot through the brain. One day in 1948, while demonstrating his skills in Switzerland, he went into one of his usual trances. He called it "going out of my body." But on this day he did not come back, and when a doctor was called he pronounced him dead.

Unluckily for all was the Fakir Nakhai, whose real name was Fernstein. For years he demonstrated how he could swallow three swords handed to him in turn on the stage by a beautiful girl assistant.

When one night in 1935, after swallowing the third sword, he fell suddenly to the ground and died in agony, people shrugged their shoulders and said: "It's a pity, but it's the luck of the game."

That a post-mortem examination revealed that one of the swords had been dipped in uric acid.

So the sad story came out. It appeared that the killed fakir had a wife whose friends told her that her husband and his beautiful assistant were known at a Bucharest hotel as Mr and Mrs Fernstein.



The real Mrs Fernstein married to Bucharest, had a terrible scene with her husband in the hotel and left, never to be heard of again.

Of course, some people can swallow a good living swallow without other things besides swords. There was Hadji Ali, an Egyptian-born naturalized American, who tried to astonish Australian radio-ball audiences before the war by swallowing live goldfish and bringing them back in a given order.

He also used to swallow a quart of petrol, some it by throwing a match down his throat, and then put out the fire by swallowing a jug of water. He continued doing this all his life with every sign of satisfaction and pleasure, and when he died in England in 1937 death was attributed simply to heart failure.

American doctors complain they are being overworked by having to remove too many toothpicks from stomachs.

They blame not merely the universal American toothpick habit for this but the practice indulged in by so many Americans of chewing their toothpicks and swallowing them. Doctor think that much good would come if Americans could be taught how to use toothpicks properly and safely.

Books & Persons

How writers succeed

How do successful novelists "get there" at last? By hard boring at a long row.

I am reminded by the case of John Creasey, author of a string of popular crime novels. Handicapped at the start, by an attack of infantile paralysis, he spent 19 years in and out of 25 different jobs, sometimes on the dole, but writing all the time. In seven years he had collected 700 rejection slips.

Even after publication of his first thriller, when he was 23, the struggle with poverty went on for several years before he established himself.

Antonia White could testify also. At 16, she was writing advertising "copy" for a face cream. Fifteen years ago her first novel appeared: her second, *The Lost Traveller*, has just been published by Eyre and Spottiswoode. She has had to write it bit by bit in the rare leisure allowed by literary journalism.

DAB and FLOUNDER

by WALTER



New Books by George Malcolm Thomson

Bad Samaritan watching the thieves at work

SCENES FROM PROVINCIAL LIFE. By William Cooper. Cape. 9s. 6d. 270 pages.

THERE is no nonsense about Cooper. He puts things down in black and white. Black rather than white.

Not that he is one to condemn the human race for its manifold follies and weaknesses. No. He is always ready to face the horrid, inexplicable facts of life and then, with a shrug, to pass by.

He is a kind of Bad Samaritan calmly watching the thieves at work and hoping the Levite will behave like a gentleman. Later, he will describe the incident in cool, terse sentences, condemning neither side.

Joe Luma Cooper's hero, is not what you would call a young man. He is a school-teacher who does not even try to maintain discipline.

He has a girl named Myrtle whom he is determined not to marry. With the war coming along, he wants to flee to America. It is he, however, the only way to avoid becoming a refugee. Meanwhile, he writes novels.

So does Tom, a Jewish character accountant, who shares a country cottage with Joe. Tom sees himself as a great understanding of human nature, a great lover (his emotional life is, however, more eccentric than Joe's), but not as a great character accountant.

After reading *Jung*, Tom realizes that he is an extrovert. But Joe is an introvert, a rather contemptible thing to be, in Tom's opinion. Nevertheless, he manages his love affairs with a little on business-like lines.

He does not greatly mind that he divides his life between himself and a man named Huxley. But Huxley does. He wants to shoot Joe, who finds Huxley's attitude quite incomprehensible.

The prospective expedition to America complicates everything. Will Joe take Myrtle (unmarried, of course) or should he regard it as a glorious opportunity to rid himself of Myrtle?

Meanwhile, he hides the project from her. She finds out. Joe cannot be sure whether she is looking unhappy because he will not marry her or because she is fed up with him. He is deeply ashamed of himself.

In the end, nobody goes to America except Tom who gets a job at MAP during the war and

is sent on a mission to Washington. He becomes an American. He marries. All the characters marry. All except Joe. He sits down to write his life-story.

This is a novel of sly and singular talent. Cooper dispenses his own brand of humour. Extra see.

THE COCKTAIL PARTY. By T. St. Eliot. Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d. 171 pages.

THIS comedy, already famous, is about saffron monkeys. The monkeys are not, however, at Edward's cocktail party (which is a failure anyway). They are in Kinkanga, where the Christian natives eat them and the pagan natives regard them as holy.

In consequence, the crops of the Christians flourish and those of the pagans are devoured by the monkeys.

Enriched by this "social injustice," the parables rise in revolt. They seize an English nursing sister named Celia and crucify her.

Celia had been one of the guests at Edward's disastrous party. She had also been Edward's mistress.

It was at the party that she met an unidentified and apparently tipsy guest who proved to be a Harley Street specialist, Sir Henry Harcourt-Beilly.

A specialist in what? Is Sir Henry a physician, psychiatrist, expert or the still, small voice speaking in a fashionable consulting-room?

His role is mysterious, and elusive. He mends the broken marriage of Edward and Lavinia; he sends Celia to her fate in the jungle.

For Eliot's comedy, under its veneer of thin, gleaming veneer, is intensely serious. Its theme? That immoral, disorderly lives lead to emptiness, misery. That it is desirable to make the best of a bad job, or a muddled marriage, and that far above all other duties is the life of dedication and reconciliation.

This is monstrous comedy; it places moving and in other places very funny. Eliot is resolved that the devil shall not have all the good jokes.

WITHIN THE LABYRINTH. By Norman Lewis. Cape. 9s. 6d. 258 pages.

INTO a lurid, lawless region of post-war Southern Italy comes Manning, a sergeant who

has had a frustrating war. Frustration follows him to Malvenuto.

He gets out with the best intentions, but also for human hopes, he is gradually drawn into a web of petty dishonesty and corruption woven with diabolical ingenuity.

The climax comes when he makes Lina his mistress, unaware that she is the wife of Lario, an anti-Fascist partisan who has been unjustly gaoled by the local chief of police.

Manning, who has been trying to secure Lario's release, learns that he has escaped and is seeking out his wife's lover. In a panic, Manning shoots the fugitive—and finds he has killed a handicapped man.

It is the last sadomic touch of tragedy in a novel of violent colour and blunt power.

ABIDE WITH ME. By Cedric Belfrage. Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d. 328 pages.

THE theme is that used by Evelyn Waugh in *The Loved One*, American funeral art and industry. The method is that used by Sinclair Lewis in *Dabbist*, the carefully informed ironic inspection of one American career.

In this case, the career of Lincoln Hope, who rises from humble beginnings (his father was an undertaker) to be lord of an empire of cemeteries.

If Waugh has left anything to say on this grisly topic, it will be found in Belfrage's more extended study. (Work copyright—London Express Service)

LIBRARY NOTE

An Award List of Books by Robert Bly. An award list of 240 books. An award list of 240 books. An award list of 240 books.

Four Miles Orange. By Ray Park. Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d. 258 pages. Four Miles Orange. By Ray Park. Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d. 258 pages.

One by Night. Two by Day. By V. S. Pritchard. 10s. 6d. 258 pages. One by Night. Two by Day. By V. S. Pritchard. 10s. 6d. 258 pages.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Every Year the Same Thing

By KEMP STARRETT



Five Shots To Take You On To The Green

Today, in his third and final golf lesson

DAI REES

— professional of South Herts — illustrates and explains the secrets of a round in 70

WATCH your feet—and in the five pictures on this page watch my feet. If you have taken a lot of trouble with your grip, then your stance is just as important.

Today's first four shots—which could carry you from tee to green—are taken at the top of the swing. Study them shot by shot.

1 THE BALL is teed up in line with the inside of the left heel. Eye right on the ball, left shoulder under the chin, right elbow tucked in. Now swing back with the clubhead, hands and hips all in one good arc. The left arm should be straight throughout the shot.

2 NOW THE wood shot through the green. Notice the ball is dead in the middle between the feet. Hit the ball more on the down swing; it helps to keep you plumb on the fairway.

3 THE approach. FOR THIS, you need the 1, 2, 3 or 4 iron. Feet are more square to the ball and the stance closed. The ball is still central. The club is shorter, so make sure that your swing is also shorter.

4 FOR the 5, 6, or 7 iron, the ball is further back towards the right foot. More than ever you are hitting the ball on the down swing to give it check when it reaches the green. The last two fingers of the left hand are taking most of the strain.

5 PUTTING styles can be largely individual, but this one is recommended. I have described it in detail alongside the picture.

NOW for today's—

QUESTION TIME

IS A WEDGE too difficult a club for the medium handicap player?

WITHOUT expert advice, yes. But with guidance the wedge is well worth taking. You will quickly see its value in results.

DO YOU FIND that there is a more sensitive feel with the hickory-shafted putter than the steel-shafted putter?

YES, undoubtedly. Probably most good golfers would use hickory putters if we could get really good hickory these days. I always used my own hickory putter until recently. And a large number of players still use one. Bobby Locke certainly favours it.

DOES PLAYING on a heavy clay course during the winter upset one's summer game?

YES, unless you make a point always to tee the ball up. I would make this an inevitable local rule during the winter for all clubs. Otherwise when you are playing from a bad lie you start dipping and ducking. By April or May these bad habits have taken such a hold that it needs almost the whole summer to eradicate them.

Those new rules

DO YOU THINK the new rules are an improvement? Particularly the rule about an "unplayable ball." (These rules came into force in January of this year and are on trial for two years.)

THE rule that puts the onus on an individual to decide whether he thinks the ball is unplayable means that it now leaves him only one point for loss. I do not like this rule because it gives so much room for players who rely on the rule book to take advantage of their opponent. A player has only to feel a twig in his back now to decide without hesitation that he will forfeit a point.

DOES the interlocking grip give greater control of direction?

NOT necessarily. I suppose I drive with as much power as anybody in this country, using a two-handed grip. But I don't suffer any loss of control in direction with this.

I HABITUALLY balloon my drive—what am I doing wrong?

THIS fault can arise from two reasons: (1) You are giving insufficient width of arc to the back swing; (2) Your club is coming up too steeply after the ball. In other words you are not following through far enough. Study these fundamentals, and you will stop that ballooning.

DO YOU MAKE the ball spin when you putt?

PERSONALLY, I do slightly spin the ball. But my advice to others is always to keep the putt straight and follow through fairly and squarely.

The more squarely you hit the ball the more likely it is to keep running and go into the hole. Spinning the ball seems to be a good thing in billiards, but not in golf.

ALF PADGHAM finds that retaking weight on the right foot gives additional force to the drive. Have you found this so, or does the theory differ with different golfers?

FOR the drive it is best to stay back on the right foot, getting in behind the ball. It is the same principle that you see in a child throwing a stone—the thing is to get underneath and behind for the best throw. This theory works best for the longer shot, and it applies to all players, whether big or small, tall or short.

Too slow?

IS TOURNAMENT GOLF getting too slow for the ordinary player's temperament?

I SAY quite emphatically that players in tournament games these days are taking far too long. It is time the offenders were shown up. It could be done quite simply if only the players waiting behind would

insist that offenders adhere to the rules and etiquette of the game. Waiting players should pass through rather than accept these long delays.

WOULD the long handicap player find the larger American ball easier to loft and to putt with?

THE larger ball has a quicker tendency to soar, no matter who is hitting it. It is a better

ball on the green because the player can strike it more competently and firmly.

The smaller ball has advantages because it is less affected on a windy day, but personally I like to use the larger ball. In any case it seems wrong to have these American and British differences. I think it is time that we agreed on a standard ball.

John Macadam's Column

WORLD SOCCER CUP SERIES EXPECTED TO NET £500,000

Brazilian football executives lay it down that World Soccer Cup teams will not be allowed to wind up the series with exhibition games... This forestalls the Argentine move to get England, Italian, and Spain teams to play in Buenos Aires before they go home...

Estimation is that Brazilian and imported sports fans will spend nearly £500,000 to see 13 World Cup teams operate in Rio in the tournament that starts on June 24...

Rio's municipal stadium will seat 120,000, with 30,000 standard, and 5,000 workmen are on the job night and day to have it ready for June 27...

Jimmy Hogan, coach of Glasgow Celtic, is in London undecided about his future...

Anyhow, Charles, with a dicky heart, cannot get a medical clearance until August, and since Savoldi is committed to the defence of what we regard as his title by September, the match is not on...

HOGAN RETURNS

British golf players, please note: Ben Hogan, the new U.S. Open golf champion, signed recently for his tenth year as a playing professional with the Hershey Country Club, Pennsylvania—his first visit to his home club in three years...

Bunny Ahearn, secretary of the British Ice Hockey Association, arrived in Ottawa the other day, and told Canadians he was not signing players because the British Association has 2,000 of its own...

Terry Allen, the London World Flyweight Champion, headed a team of British boxers on a two-week exhibition tour to Germany... No money for the fighters and no-see for the Germans, who were not allowed in...

NOW THEY ACT

Our demand for a return to boxing in the smaller halls of the country has had an immediate effect... The Boxing Promoters' Association mean to organise a nationwide search for boxing talent, and Jack Solomons backs the idea with the suggestion that there should be £100 prizes in each of the boxing booths in eight areas... He is prepared to bring the area champion to London, and offer prizes of £500 at each weight to a total prize money of £4,000...

The Americans are still playing with the idea of matching Ezzard Charles with Lee Savoldi for the world heavyweight title, but of course, Solomons has got

And Finally

—THERE'S NO NEED FOR NERVES WHEN YOU ARE PUTTING

THE man who is never nervous on a putting green is the luckiest man alive. But do your best to fill yourself with confidence and you're well on the way to sinking that putt.

As to method, there are two things to remember—keep the body still, and never take the clubhead back on the outside line, whatever you do with your shoulders and body. The stroke is made with the arms and hands.

Take the club back a short way, keep the left wrist braced, and tap the ball firmly with the right hand.

The grip? Let each individual decide. Personally, I use the reverse overlap here... The index finger of the left hand placed over the second finger of the right.

This neutralises the effect of that strong right hand taking over. Feet should be about 40ins. apart, with the right foot forward, and right elbow into the side just to keep it in check. And keep your head down until you sense that the ball is well on its way towards the flag.



—(London Express Service)

SO THEY WANT TO PLAY IN BOGOTA?

By HAROLD PALMER

Underpaid British soccer stars who want to try their luck in Colombian football must be sure of their cash and consider the climate before they fall for offers that look very attractive on the surface.

I understand that the agreements provide for the payment of signing-on fees in American dollars directly the players reach Colombia. Then they get more American dollars in settlement of salaries of £100 a month and match bonuses of £40 for a win and £20 for a draw.

That way the cash is all right, but if they get paid in the local pesos (547 to the £) they will find the export rate is 833 to the £, not to mention a 30 percent tax on money taken out of the country. An Englishman just home after four years in Bogota assures me that lack of oxygen in the high altitudes and tropical infections will be a real menace to the hardest players.

A lively game in Bogota (9,000ft.) he tells me, is likely to be followed by a two-hour aeroplane journey to play next day in the tropical heat of one of the coast towns.

COOL RECEPTION

Then there is the good chance that the local reception will be cool. Fellow players will be jealous of the British players' salaries, well above the usual £200 a month paid to locals, and the crowds have quite a different idea of the game.

The fantastically high cost of living in Bogota will at once offset a great part of the players' increased earnings. Still, it looks as though Jack Dodds, who has been acting as agent for the Millionaires Club of Bogota, is prepared to sample the fare he is offering to other players.

I understand he is likely to be leaving soon for Bogota, not to play—because at 37 he probably feels that the climate would be too much for him—but to establish the club in some other city.

Dodds has not re-signed for Lincoln City, although he has been offered terms, and it looks as though he will now end his playing career.

In the meantime he is working his back as a professional supplying bags of nuts to cinemas and sweet shops in Lancashire, and particularly round Blackpool, where he lives. He will leave a manager in charge of that while he is in Bogota.

—(London Express Service)

Agland Turns Pro

Yet another boxing international has decided to try his luck as a professional after winning nearly every honour open to him in the amateur ranks.

This time it is Roy Agland, 23-year-old Cardiff dockyard shunter, from the Turf-bark EC, ADA, and Welsh middleweight champion in 1947 and Great Britain's representative against Switzerland and Denmark.

Agland, a slim "southpaw"—with rather more elegance than most right-foot-forward boxers—is to join his successful fellow-countryman, welter-weight champion Eddie Thomas, in the squad managed by Sam Burns.

In amateur circles, Roy will be remembered for his surprise selection against Switzerland at Wembley three years ago. He won, became a champion, and stayed in the international side until snovitis in his right hand put him out.

—(London Express Service)

EXPENSIVE SUCCESS

A. L. Valentine, West Indies slow bowler, cost his country's cricket about £1,000 by taking eight wickets for 104 runs in the first innings of the First Test Match at Old Trafford—surely poor reward for bowling virtue.

The reason was that the match ended in a little over three days instead of five and the West Indians missed two days' takings. From the first day of the match, when the attendance was 10,000, the visitors took away £750; from the second day they derived £500; they did much better than that on the third day.

For the two London games, at Lords and the Oval, the bookings have been on an Australia Test scale. At Old Trafford there were lots of seats to spare.

After the thrashing the West Indies gave Lancashire more of the local folk ought to have come to see them face All-England.

LOVE IS BANNED

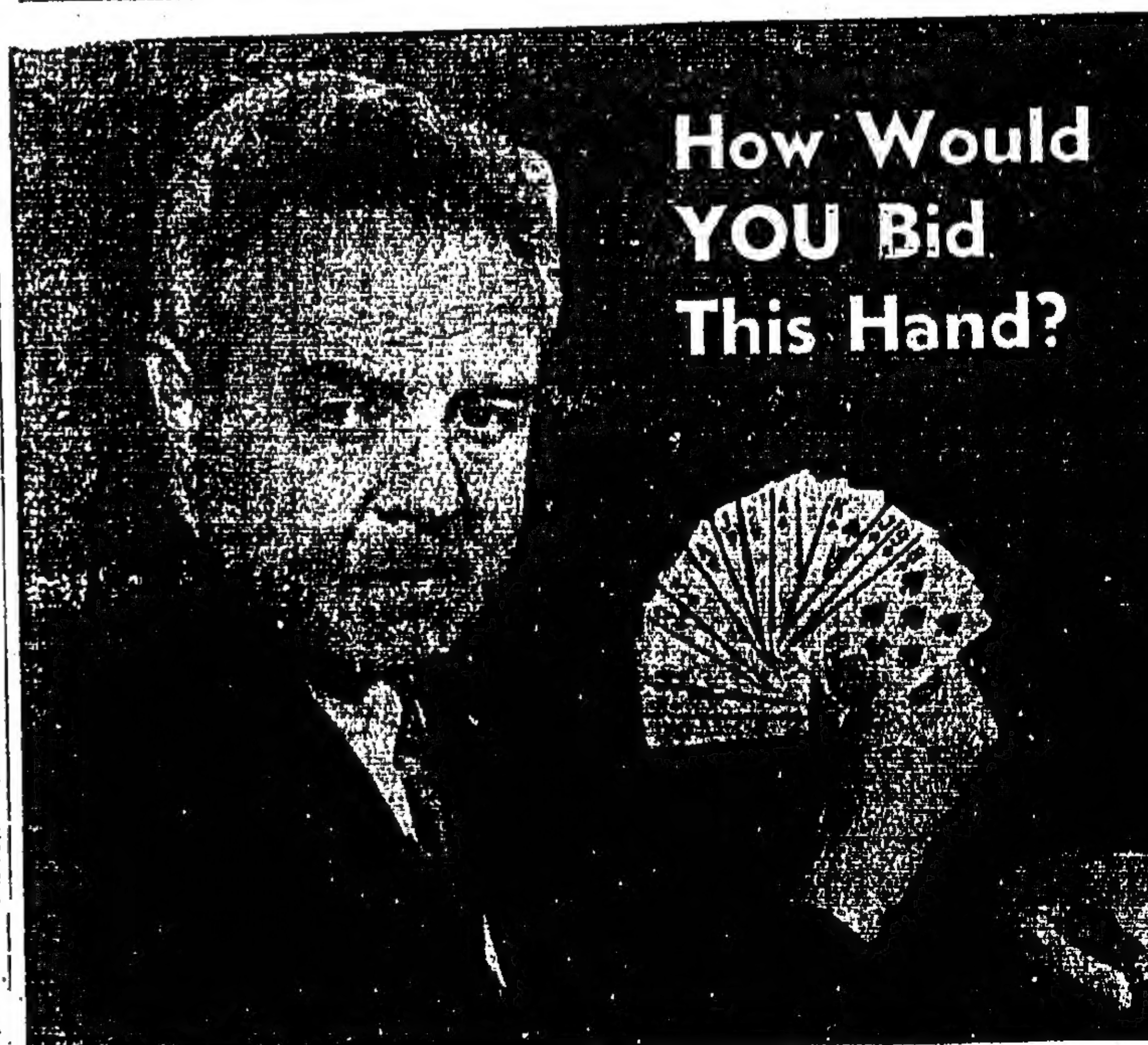
Love has been abolished in America—by the Professional Lawn Tennis Association, in scoring.

Before the national professional tournament at Cleveland, Ohio, it was decided officially that the term will be dropped. In a future hypothetical match between, say, Kramer and Rigg, the scorer will say "Kramer, fifteen," and not "fifteen, love."

—BRUCE HARRIS

—(London Express Service)

How Would YOU Bid This Hand?



No need to be puzzled when you pick up cards like these. OSWALD JACOBY, the famous card authority and outstanding Bridge player, will show you the tricks of better bidding and brilliant playing in his new daily Bridge columns in "THE HONGKONG TELEGRAPH." On this hand, Jacoby says "three no trump."

Read JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Regularly in "THE TELEGRAPH" Beginning Monday, June 26

K. O. CANNON... WITH WHISPER IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE



BETTER GET HER TO HOSPITAL VIDEO? WHO HAD A STRONGER MOTIVE THAN SHE? IN LOVE WITH ZUCCHI FOR YEARS UNTIL CHARMING KILLED HERSELF ON HIS ACCOUNT, WHO BEST KNEW HIS HANDWRITING, AND COULD FORGE THE SUICIDE NOTE?

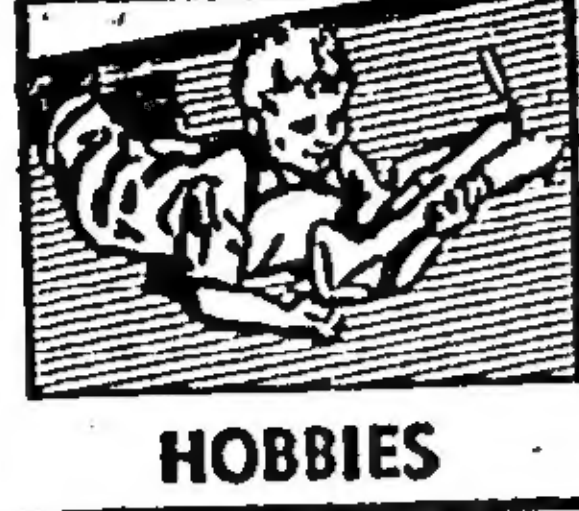
YOU HAVE BEEN VERY BRIGHT, MSIEU CANNON, BUT I STILL DO NOT UNDERSTAND HOW YOU KNEW THAT CARRESS FIRED A BLANK CARTRIDGE...



PUZZLES



STORIES



HOBBIES

The BOYS and GIRLS PAGE



CRAFTS



GAMES



JOKES

EVENTS ARE DRAWING NEAR A CLIMAX IN THE CHILDREN'S SERIAL.
Five Fall Into Adventure

A few surprises

What has happened so far...

Julian, Dick and Anna went to stay with their cousin George and her dog Timmy. Many strange things happened. Some important scientific papers were stolen from George's father. Then George and Timmy were kidnapped and spirited away to a stone house on the coast by a man called Markhoff. Julian and Dick went to rescue her, with the help of a regular girl called Jo. Jo, whose father is an aviator, managed to climb to the top of the wall and reach George's room. She rescued her, but as only one of them could be saved, the story behind. Now Julian, Dick, George and Timmy are hiding in a cave near the sea. Julian thinks he hears someone coming.

CHAPTER 21

AS soon as Julian had said that he kept hearing noises, the others felt as if they could hear some, too. They sat and listened intently. George's heart beating so loudly that she was certain the boys would be able to hear it.

"I think perhaps it's the sound of the sea, echoing in through the caves and the tunnels," said Julian at last. "In the ordinary way, of course, we wouldn't need to bother to listen—Timmy would growl at once! But, poor old chap, he's so doped and sleepy that I don't believe he hears anything."

"Will he get all right again?" asked George, anxiously, frowning. Timmy's silky ears.

"Oh yes," said Julian, sounding much more certain than he really felt. Poor Timmy—he really did seem ill! There wasn't even a growl in him.

"I wonder what's happening to Jo?" said Dick, suddenly remembering that Jo was now imprisoned in the lower room where George had been kept so long.

"And do you suppose Red and Markhoff have discovered that we've got out of that shed, and that Timmy has disappeared, too?" said Julian. "They'll be in a fury when they do discover it!"

"Can't we get away?" said George, feeling suddenly scared. "You came in a boat, didn't you? Well, can't we get away in that and go and fetch help for Jo?"

"SHOULD we wait till Red and Markhoff have gone off in the helicopter?" said Julian. "Then we'd be much safer."

"Yes—but what about Jo?" asked Dick. "They think she's taken her away with them, just as they planned to do with George. I don't see how we can try to escape ourselves without first trying to save Jo. She's been a brick about George."

They talked round and round the idea of trying to save Jo, but nobody could think of any really sensible plan at all. Time went on, and they all felt hungry and rather cold. "If only we could do something, it wouldn't be so bad!" groaned Dick. "I wonder what's happening up at the house?"

Up at the grey stone house with its big square tower, plenty was happening!

To begin with, Markhoff had gone to shoot Timmy, as Red had ordered. But when he got to the summer-house there was no dog there!

Markhoff stared in the greatest amazement! The dog had been tied up, even though he was doped—and now there was the loose rope, and no dog attached to it!

Markhoff gazed round the summer-house in astonishment. Who could have loosed Timmy? He darted across to the locked shed, where he had tied Julian and Dick with rope to the iron staples. The door was still locked, of course—and Markhoff turned the key and pushed it open.

"Here, you," he began, shouting roughly. Then he stopped dead. Nobody was there! Again there was loose rope—this time cut here and there, so that it lay in short pieces—and again the prisoners had gone. No dog, no boys.

He went in through the massive front door, and in the hall he came face to face with two



by

GEOFF BLYTHE

"Hallo, Dad," said Jo. "You do seem surprised to see me!"

Red went purple in the face, and his strange eyes shone with rage. He stared first at Markhoff, then at Timmy and Jake. Markhoff looked uneasy, but Timmy and Jake looked back insolently.

"You—you—dare to come here when I told you to keep away!" he shouted. "You've BEEN paid. You can't blackmail me for any more money."

"What are you doing here?" shouted Markhoff. "Where's your dog? Keep watch on Kirrin Cottage and make sure the police won't find anything!"

"Yes," said Jake, sulkily. "And we've come to say that we've been to the police this morning. She had one of the kids with her—a girl. The boys don't seem to be about."

"You're a bit late with your news! Lot of good you are, with your spying!" said Markhoff.

"Pah!" said Timmy. "We want some money. We've done our work."

"You can ask Red for it!" growled Markhoff. "What's the good of asking me? Go and ask him!"

"Right. We will," said Jake, his face as black as thunder. Red was in his study, scanning through the papers that had been stolen from the study of George's father. He was in a black temper. He flung down the papers as Markhoff came in.

"These aren't the notes I wanted!" he began, loudly. "Well, I'll hold the girl till I get anything wrong!"

"Plenty," said Markhoff. "The dog's gone—he wasn't there when I went to shoot him—and the two boys have gone too—yes, escaped out of a locked shed. Beats me!"

"And here are two visitors for you—they want money! They've come to tell you what you already know—the police have been told about you."

Red looked at Markhoff, who immediately produced a revolver.

"My orders are always obeyed," said Red in a suddenly cold voice. "Always, you understand?"

Not only Jake scuttled up the stairs, then he also Timmy! They went to the locked and unlocked room at the top and unlocked the door. They pulled back the bolt and opened the door. Timmy stepped into the room to deal with the imprisoned girl.

But he stopped dead and gaped. He blinked, rubbed his eyes and gaped again. Jake gaped too.

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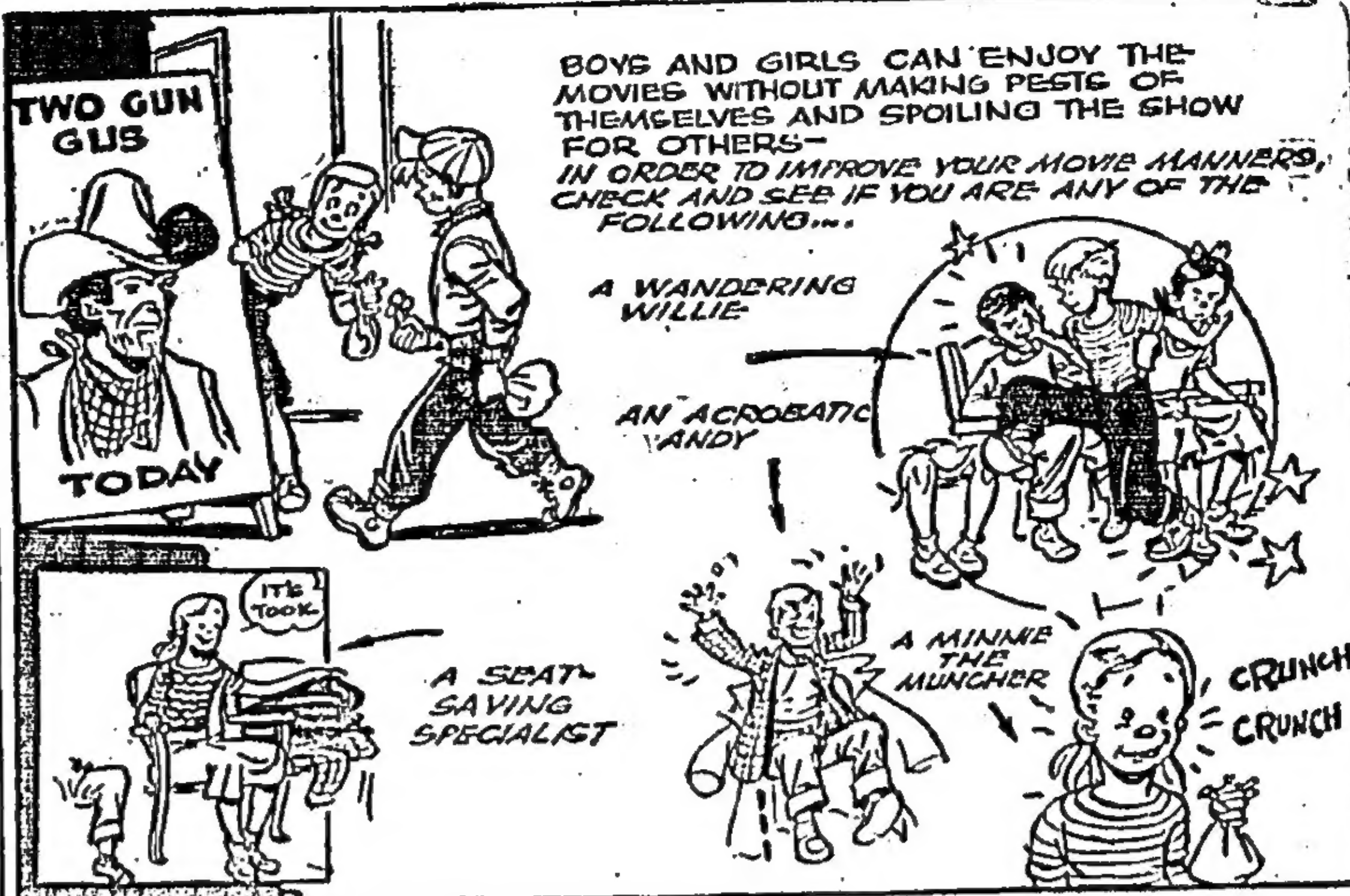
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What not to do when you go to the cinema

By WALTER KING

WATCH your movie manners. All over the country youngsters are the big problem of theatre owners, who try in all sorts of ways to get children to behave.

Consider their viewpoint: They run a theatre where they want people to have a good time and relax. They don't want to be cranky with their guests or spoil fun. But youngsters sometimes spoil the fun of others.

Here are some especially bad types of young theatre-

goers. Study them and make sure you're not like them:

Wandering Willie. You know Wandering Willie. He climbs all over you and a row of others in an effort to capture a centre seat. Then when he gets there, he decides that a seat in the centre three rows down would be better. He climbs over everyone again getting out, and everyone three rows down getting in. When he lands his second

set he likes the first one best and goes back.

Acrobatic Andy. Andy plops into his seat by sitting on the upturned edge and sliding down into it. When he gets seated he shakes himself out of his wraps, swinging both arms and connecting with home runs on everyone within arm-reach. During the show he is up and down, jiggling his seat, putting his feet on the seat in front of him and doing other acrobatics.

Sally Seat-Saver. Sally comes to the show early and piles her hat and coat on the choice seat next to hers. Every time someone wants to sit down in it, she hisses: "It's taken!" (She should say "taken" but bad manners and bad grammar somehow go together). Seldom is she ever really saving the seat for anyone in particular. She just hopes a friend will appear.

Minnie Muncher. Minnie always gets comfortably settled in her seat and waits till everyone else is settled and then she goes to the serious business of feeding herself peanuts, popcorn and candy from a bag that rattles. After her food supplies are gone she pops her bubblegum during the rest of the picture and when she leaves she throws it down on the floor where someone will step on it.

George Give-Away. No matter what the picture is, George has always seen it and he tells everyone around him in a loud voice just what is going to happen next. Naturally nobody enjoys knowing what's coming next and the theatre manager's wish that people will have a good time is not fulfilled.

Oogie Woogie. Oogie hums the popular tunes at all musical pictures so the patrons won't be able to recognise the song being sung on the screen. For added amusement he makes a drum of the seat in front of him and stomps on the floor with his feet. Sometimes he even whistles.

Tittle Talker. Tittle is a natural-born commentator. She has a remark to make about everything that is going on and often tells about the pictures she's seen and the actors who are appearing in this. She's a regular fan magazine with sound.

Lemmie Out. At the most exciting part in the picture, when everything is heading for the final climax, Lemmie jumps up and slugs others. Nobody is able to sit always comes in at this point, but invariably makes everyone mad and spoils the show most of the time.

JUST how many of these movie pests are you? Some are worse than others, but all are bad. If you want to score yourself, here are points:

Wandering Willie, 15; Acrobatic Andy, 10; Sally-Seat-Saver, 5; Minnie Muncher, 20; George Give-Away, 10; Oogie Woogie, 10; Tittle Talker, 10; Lemmie Out, 20. If you've scored any points, if you are a menace to the peace of mind of others who go to movies to enjoy themselves.

If you score 60 to 69 you can send a theatre into bankruptcy. If you score 70 to 79 you are a menace to the movie industry as a whole. If your score is over 79, you ought to be chained up at home so other people can enjoy themselves.

Squire's Spring Cleaning

—He Was Dusting Off Each Branch of the Tree—

By MAX TRELL

THE weather was beginning to turn warm, the grass was coming up fresh and green. Here and there in the shady places you could see violets. Spring was already well on its way.

It was no surprise then that Squire Squirrel, who, when the maple tree that stood alongside of the garden wall, should be hurrying to tidy things up. There were dead twigs to pull down. There were old nests in the higher branches, most of them quite pulled apart by the rains and snows and winds of the past winter. The ground around the trunk of the maple was unsightly, too, what with bits and ends and corners of different things such as old leaves and broken stems, and pebbles, and a piece of the root of something-or-other, and even a blue marble that must have rolled away from the children months and months ago.

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Squire Squirrel was sweeping the ground with his tail.

"One year," said Squire, "it was caterpillars—yellow and black caterpillars. They moved all over the place. Couldn't get rid of them. And finally they flew away. And then another year—"

"Flew away!" Knarf exclaimed. "They turned themselves into butterflies and flew away. Well, have to get about getting those dead twigs off. So long." And Squire started climbing up the tree.

Knarf climbed up after him. "And who came another year?" he demanded.

"Another year it was the Katties," Knarf said. "Katties? Which Katties?"

"There are only two kinds," Squire said, looking at Knarf in surprise at his not knowing. "The Dids and the Diddies. They moved in. They couldn't get rid of them either. Used to argue at the top of their voices all night long. Nobody could sleep a wink. Another year it was the cat. I got rid of her. I bit her on the back. But she wasn't the worst of them—oh no!"

Squire knocked off some dead twigs, then climbed up higher to get at some more. He seemed suddenly to have forgotten all about Knarf. But Knarf went right up after him, almost up to the top of the tree.

"Now what do you want?" Squire asked.

"Who were the worst of them?" he went off without telling him.

"So I did," laughed Squire. "So I did. The worst of them were the ones who used to come here with a little ladder, climb up into the branches and stay there, pretending they were living in a tree."

"Oh!" said Knarf. "The chiddies?" Squire Squirrel chuckled, then scurried up to the very top of the tree. He started dusting off each branch. "It was a long job. He didn't have time to say a single word more."

SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG

By Opal Lee Shore

SOME days everything goes from bad to awful. To begin with, my cousin Lorenzo pulled some hairs out of O'Leary's coat. Lorenzo is doing a study of animal hairs and fibres so he wanted the hair for a good reason. But O'Leary, my Irish setter, doesn't care for science so he nipped Lorenzo. He didn't really clamp down, but even then you couldn't expect Lorenzo to turn the other leg.

Then O'Leary, taking usual short cut, jumped the hedge into the next yard. Some new people had moved in there with a daughter, that was pretty a junior grade witch and I intended to get acquainted as soon as possible. But when O'Leary landed on her where she was sun bathing behind the hedge—well, relations were strained.

"That's easy," Lorenzo said, looking coldly at the setter. "You have a chance to get rid of the creature. Let the pound keep him."

Then he saw by my face that, dumb as O'Leary is, he's my dog. Lorenzo felt his scratched head tenderly as he thought about it. He nodded.

"We'd better go over to the house where the pheasants were killed," Lorenzo decided. "Well, have to convince the owners as well as this gentleman." He looked at me then. "You're sure O'Leary didn't kill those birds? If he did, my test will prove it without any doubt."

I worried about that while Lorenzo and I went to 640 Greenwood and the pound man brought O'Leary in the dog wagon. What if my setter had suddenly decided to be a bird dog? I was so distracted I hardly heard Lorenzo politely explain something to the people whose pheasants had been killed. First thing I know I'm



"I'll be twenty bucks this time, Jerry," the dog catcher said.

It being that kind of day, I wasn't surprised when the dog catcher phoned that O'Leary was in the dog pound. O'Leary's always eating his dog tag and costing me 75 cents to bail him out. But when I handed the pound man half of my total worth, he gave it right back. "I'll be twenty bucks this time, Jerry," he said, quietly but firmly.

I goggled at him, my mouth hanging open. "For damages?" the pound man said. "He killed four pheasants at 640 Greenwood Avenue."

I pointed at O'Leary. "Him? Never in this world, Mister. This man said he wouldn't be a bird dog."

"The people phoned me and I picked him up there," the pound man said. "There he was and there were the pheasants—nearly circumstantial."

O'Leary ambled over and sat down trustfully at my feet. I had to do something. Twenty dollars! And me with 75 cents to my name. Then I heard my cousin Lorenzo outside talking to the dog catcher.

"I need a cat for the hair and fibre studies I'm making," Lorenzo said. "I won't harm the cat a bit and after I've finished, I'll give him a good home."

"Lorenzo!" I yelled. "To the rescue!"

LORENZO poked his head around the door. When he saw me he came into the office and he held in his arms. Remember the kind of day it was? When the cat saw O'Leary lunging for him he climbed Lorenzo like a ladder, not stopping till he was safe on top, well dug in.

I latched onto O'Leary and the pound man peeled the tom cat off Lorenzo. Finally I was able to tell Lorenzo my troubles. "Why is that a problem?" Lorenzo asked.

"I just told you. If I can't prove O'Leary didn't kill those pheasants, I'll have to fork over twenty bucks that I haven't got. Or the pound will keep O'Leary."

holding O'Leary while Lorenzo goes to work on the dog's teeth with some dental floss! I'm not the only one looking bewildered as Lorenzo carefully transferred the small bits of material he'd taken from between O'Leary's teeth to a glass slide.

WHEN Lorenzo took some labelled slides from his jacket pocket I began to catch. He was making a study of animal hair and fibres! And I guessed that feathers are a kind of hair.

"Now please look at these slides through my folding pocket microscope," he told them. "Here are samples of wool, dog hair and feathers. If O'Leary did kill those pheasants there would be feather elements between his teeth. If you can find nothing to compare with that specimen feather slide, then you'll have to look elsewhere for the pheasant killer."

As simple as that. My cousin Lorenzo is a big brain all right. It was plain that the rest of them thought he knew what he was talking about, too. They quipped through the eyepiece of the little microscope and the one he had made from O'Leary's teeth. When it came my turn to look, I was so excited I could hardly adjust the thing. Suddenly the slide seemed to leap into view. Jagged bits of bone. Different sized soft pieces. Dog food. No feathers.

"It's convincing Ma'am," the pound man said. "Isn't it, Sir? We'll have to look elsewhere for the pheasant killer. You can take the big Irish home, Jerry."

"Saved by the skin of his teeth," Lorenzo said looking at my dog.

I've been trying to teach O'Leary to shake hands for months with no luck whatsoever. Would you believe it? O'Leary with a grin all over his long red face, goes over to Lorenzo and hands him a paw! Maybe O'Leary isn't so dumb after all.

And what's more, Lorenzo shook the paw. "What's a few bites between friends?" he said, grinning.

Rupert and Miranda—22



Miranda is delighted to hear that she is going to get what she wants, and she begins to skip away with the toy clown towards the auto-stand at all. "Hi, look here, there must be some mistake," he protests. "This doll was sent to the cottage."



in the dell, and she was the only Christmas present that poor Jennifer had. Santa Claus must have known what he was doing. "Yes, and he will know what he is doing," replies she, down mysteriously as she helps Miranda on to the plane.

BRONCHO BILL

Dubbed

By Harry F. O'Neill

